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A WISH.

BY T. P. H.

I wish that I could cull for thee
A dewy, sweet bouquet,
Whose glowing, fragrant loveliness
Thy sweet self would portray,
And there transcribe the olden tale
In sentences of bloom,
And let them breathe my ardent love
In sighs of soft perfume.

I'd gather first the lily-bell,
So stately and so fair—
The emblem of thy purity,
Thy sweet and regal air;
And as all other virtues bow
At purity's white shrine,
So I would group my flowers round
The emblem, love, of thine.

A half-blown rose I'd gather next,
Its petals wet with dew,
Its tender blush the reflex of
Thy cheeks' bewitching hue;
And as I'd place its glowing heart
Beside the lily-bell,
I'd pray it by its perfumed sighs
My love to sweetly tell.

The next that I would cull would be
The pansies' lovely dyes,
Whose tender tints would but reflect
The softness of thine eyes;
The drops within their velvet hearts
Of deep and mournful hue,
Would seem like those within thine eyes—
Thy heart's pure, pitying due.

MARRED BY FATE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH-IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC."

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

HE came forward, with a faint smile about his hard mouth, then the smile gave place to a look of astonishment.

"Well, Jess," he said, as he kissed her, "here you are at last! You've grown."

Jess put her arms round his neck, as a little lump came up in her throat, and she could only murmur, "Father!" as she kissed him.

He took her hand and led her into the room from which he had emerged. It was furnished as a library; the walls were lined with books, mostly new, there was a screen covered with maps, the large writing table was littered with papers; a big safe, with its ponderous door open, stood in the corner.

"Sit down, and take your hat off, Jess, unless you would rather go to your room at once."

Jess sat down, and put her hat on the table.

"I would rather wait a little while, father," she said.

Mr. Newton looked at her under his thick brows with interest, and still some astonishment.

"I suppose you were rather surprised by my sudden message?" he said.

"Yes," said Jess.

He sank into a chair, and, shading his face with his large bony hand, looked beyond rather than at her.

"I am afraid that you have thought me very neglectful of you, Jess, that I have been very unkind in leaving you at school all this time?"

Jess, being truthful, did not deny it.

"I could not help it," he said, gravely. "For one thing, I have been abroad—in Africa; and for another, I have been very much engaged. My whole time has been absorbed, engrossed in a struggle, the intensity of which I could not explain or make you understand."

Jess looked round the room.

"I don't understand, father, but I will try," she said.

He smiled in answer to her glance round the richly-appointed room.

"You notice a difference in our surroundings, Jess?" he said.

"Yes!" she assented. "I can't understand it! Is this all yours—the carriage, this grand house, the servants? When we were together last, in Camden Town, we—we were poor, and——"

"And now we are rich!" he said, with a grave smile.

"Rich!" echoed Jess, with a flush which was perhaps pardonable.

"Yes. It must seem like a fairy tale to you; sometimes it seems like one to me. I daresay you remember, Jess, that I used to say that one day I meant to be rich? When you and I were together last the thing seemed hopeless, and I was struggling with difficulties which threatened to overwhelm me.

"But my chance came—they say that every man has one chance at least—and I took it. A friend offered me an opening in Africa. I went. I did not tell you I was going because I did not wish to distress you, and I could not take you with me, or away from Miss Shaddock's.

"I landed in Africa almost without a penny; but I arrived at one of those times when a man with brains can make money in a new country.

"And it is not only a new but a wonderful country; there are gold and diamonds—in short, money—in abundance for the man who is sharp enough to get hold of they. Poverty, my early struggles, have made me sharp, I suppose, for I succeeded."

"How brave of you, father!" murmured Jess, gazing at him admiringly.

He smiled at her with a faint flush on his gaunt face.

"Thank you, my dear. I became connected with some of the largest undertakings." He waved his hand towards the map-covered screen.

"If you will look at those maps and plans, when you care to, you will see red spots on them; they are the places in which I hold property, mines, or land. I am a shareholder in most of the largest companies, and the director of some."

"And all so soon!" murmured Jess.

He smiled again.

"Fortunes are made rapidly over there," he said. "And one thing leads to another. I should have remained there and sent for you, but my health threatened to break down—it has been a hard struggle and severe strain—and I was ordered home. I thought you would like to have a house of your own, so I have bought this."

"How rich you must be!" said Jess, "But—but why didn't you write and tell me, father? I should have been so glad to have heard of your good fortune."

He gazed through the window gravely.

"For some time my fortune hung in the balance. I was speculating in stocks. I meant to be a very rich man or—nothing. And it is only quite lately that the balance has swung in my favor. Then, I think, I wanted to surprise you!"

"Well, you have succeeded in that as well as everything else, father," she said. "I am so astonished that I can't realise it!"

"You will very soon," he said, with a grim smile. "One soon grows accustomed to wealth. But tell me how have you been getting on? You have changed very much; you have grown tall—and pretty; astonishingly so."

And he looked at the oval face, the clear, gray-blue eyes, the soft, black hair, ruffled into little curls and waves by her journey. "You are like your mother," he added, in a lower voice.

Jess blushed with a girlish and natural pleasure.

"Has Miss Shaddock been kind to you?" he asked.

"She was very kind—when I left," said Jess.

He knit his brows as if he understood.

"Well, all that is past!" he said, with a wave of his hand. "You will not go back there. You can have any masters you need, in fact, anything you want. You must stay here and keep house for me, Jess."

Jess sprang to her feet with a little cry of delight.

"Oh, it sounds too good to be true!" she said. "I'm not to go back to Miss Shaddock's, but to stay here and keep house for you, father! Oh, it can't be true!" She flung her arms round his neck.

He kissed her again, then rang the bell.

"I have rung for your maid," he said. "I engaged one for you. Go up to your room, then come down and have some tea. We dine at eight."

The footman who answered the bell was sent for the maid, and presently a pretty, neatly-dressed girl came to lead Jess to her room.

Jess followed her up a broad staircase, glistening with new polish and an oriental carpet, and was shown into a large room facing south, and overlooking the flower-spangled lawn.

There were two rooms, indeed, opening into each other, and they were newly and extensively furnished.

One was a kind of boudoir, furnished in satinwood, with a piano and bookcase en suite. The bedchamber beyond was white, with pale blue hangings, with bevelled mirrors in Venetian frames.

On the dressing table were toilet articles in massive silver. There was an abundance of lace about the hangings, and thick oriental rugs on the parquet floor.

Jess stood in the open doorway and gazed from room to room in breathless astonishment and delight; but there was no vulgar exultation in her breast, for she laughed as she saw her common and battered box standing, in a shamefaced way, amidst its splendid surroundings.

The maid pretended not to notice her young mistress's astonishment, and, after pouring out some water into the basin—the service was of silver, like the things on the dressing table—said, demurely—

"Shall I unpack your box, miss?"

"Yes, if you like," said Jess, looking at her for the first time. "What is your name?"

"Janet, if you please, miss."

"I do please, for it's a very pretty name," said Jess.

Janet blushed, and out went her heart in a moment to her beautiful young mistress—notwithstanding the shabby dress and her worn hat.

She unpacked the box, and laid out its small contents, and tried not to look surprised at their meagreness.

"Which dress will you wear, miss?" she asked.

"Oh, this I have on," said Jess. "It's the best I have, you see."

"Yes, miss," said Janet, with the profoundest respect. "May I do your hair now?" and she put a luxurious chair at the dressing table.

Jess sat down with an inward feeling of amusement. She had never had her hair done for her in her life—except when she had had it cut at the hairdresser's, and she leant back with a faint smile upon her lips as Janet brushed out the long, soft tresses; and the operation helped Jess to realise, perhaps better than anything else could have done, the wondrous change in her fortune.

"Shall I do it up in the new fashion miss?" asked Janet.

"Do it just as you like."

Janet coiled the hair up in the newest mode, stole an admiring glance at the lovely reflection in the glass, and said, demurely—

"It is finished, miss," and went to hang the shabby old clothes in the enameled white wardrobe.

Jess jumped up and ran downstairs just as she used to run at Minerva House, but the stately presence of the footman who opened the drawingroom door for her, reminded her of her new grandeur, and she steadied down as she entered the room.

It was as large and magnificently furnished as the other rooms; the ceiling was painted, the decorations bright and gay with gold—there was, perhaps, a little too much gold and color; the tall, French windows were open on to a kind of terrace, and just outside the room stood a tea equipage of costly Worcester and gleaming silver.

Her father was walking up and down, not restlessly, but like a man with heavy affairs on his mind, but he greeted her with a smile and sank into a chair beside the table.

Jess took her seat and poured out the tea; how thin and fragile the dainty cups seemed after the thick and battered mugs of Minerva House! Little was said until the stately footman had rendered his necessary service, then Mr. Newton said—

"Did you like your rooms, Jess?"

"Like isn't the word!" said Jess, all aglow. "They are simply wonderful! It's like a scene out of the Arabian Nights, father, and I feel like a little beggar girl who has suddenly discovered that she is a princess."

Mr. Newton frowned slightly.

"Get rid of that feeling as quickly as you can," he said. "By the way," he colored, and looked down at his cup, "is that your best dress?"

"My very best!" replied Jess, cheerfully. "What delicious toast, father!"

"I ought to have known," he said, in a lower voice. "Ought to have remembered that the woman would not buy you proper things. I have been very neglectful of you, Jess—but there has been some excuse." He looked at his watch.

"Are you tired? If not, we could drive into Burley, and you could get some things. It is the market town, a little more than two miles off. There is time to get there and back before dinner; if your purchases do not take too long."

"I'm not in the least tired," said Jess. "Let us go by all means. I'm so sorry I am so shabby, father; but I don't mind if you don't."

He rang the bell and ordered the carriage, and after they had finished their tea Jess ran upstairs and put on her hat.

A footman opened the carriage door for them, and they drove off with that little stir and bustle, subdued but significant, which mark the smallest journey of the greatly rich.

Jess, all aglow with the excitement of the novelty of her position, leant back with a little sigh, and her father glanced at her and smiled, as if to himself.

As they mounted the hill Jess caught a glimpse of the top of a huge and stately building showing above a thick wood.

"What a beautiful place!" she exclaimed. "What is it, father?"

"Ravenhurst Castle," he said.

"Who lives there?" she asked.

"The Earl of Clansmere," he said.

"The Earl of Clansmere!" she repeated. "How grand it sounds!"

"They are grand," said Mr. Newton, drily.

"Do you know them?" asked Jess.

Mr. Newton smiled grimly.

"The Clansmeres have been at the Castle for centuries," he said; "I have been at the Grange for a few weeks. I am not likely to know them."

"What a magnificent place it is," she said, looking over her shoulder at the stately pile. "Why is that flag flying above that turret, father?"

"Because the earl is there, at present," replied Mr. Newton. "They hoist it as he drives into the courtyard, and pull it down when he leaves to go to one of his other places."

"Has he other houses than this?" asked Jess, innocently.

"Oh, yes, half-a-dozen, or thereabouts, in various parts of the United Kingdom, and a palace in Italy, into the bargain."

'How rich he must be?" said Jess.

"Hem!" said Mr. Newton, drily.

As they drove into Burley, Jess, told her father of the incident of her journey down. He looked thoughtful.

"Who do you think it was, father?" she asked.

"I don't know," he said, quietly; "someone, some visitor to the Castle, perhaps. If it were anyone else I should like to thank him."

"But why shouldn't you thank him because he happens to belong to the Castle?" asked Jess, naively.

"Because, between the Castle and the Grange a wide gulf stretches, which not even gratitude can bridge," said Mr. Newton, grimly.

"Here we are at Burley. That is the principal linen-draper's; go in and get what you want. They will put down anything you may buy to my account; but you had better have some money."

He took out a bundle of crisp notes from a pocket-book, handed them to her. Jess stared at him.

"Is all this for me, father?" she asked.

He smiled. "Yes; and as much more as you want. You don't understand—yet!"

The handsome carriage had been eagerly watched as it made its way down the High Street, and Mr. Brown, the linen-draper, came out all bows and respectful smiles to meet Jess, as she entered with her bank-notes in her hand.

Most country shops are now well supplied and up to date, and Mr. Brown assured her, as he conducted her to the show room, that they could supply her with everything she wanted.

It chanced that they had an evening dress which fitted her, and Jess, though she hesitated over the price, until she remembered that her father was now a rich man, had it packed up and sent to the carriage.

She bought several other things, and the whole establishment hovered about her with respectful assiduity, which rather confused Jess, accustomed to the somewhat curt and unceremonious behavior of London shopkeepers.

She went to several other shops, and her reception at one and all was of the same eager and devoted kind; it was evident that Burley regarded her as a personage of very great consequence, and one whose whims and wishes must be studied most carefully.

She came back to the carriage with a flush on her face and a light in her eyes, which made her look very young, and bright and lovely; and her father, who had been waiting patiently, reading a paper, looked at her with an amused smile.

"You can't think how nice they all are, father," she said. "They treat me as if I were a kind of princess."

"I daresay!" he said, rather cynically. "Monied people are not too plentiful in these parts. "Have you spent all I gave you?"

"Father!" she exclaimed, aghast. "Good gracious, no!"

He laughed. "I should recommend you to pay what's left into the bank here, to-morrow—it is closed now—and I will add some more to it; so that you will have an account of your own, and can draw cheques; then you will not want to bother me every time you need money.

"You had better get a stock of clothes as soon as possible; and if you write up to London, to one of the well-known shops, they will send someone down with patterns and styles."

Jess listened, still with wonder; it was so hard to realize that she had money enough to buy just what she wanted and, what is still dearer to the feminine heart, what she did not want. As they drove homewards, they met a rameshackle pony carriage, drawn by an ancient pony.

A lady of very dowdy appearance was driving, and a portly gentleman in clerical attire sat by her side, with his fat hands folded over his comfortable stomach. They looked curiously at the handsome carriage and its occupants, but made no greeting.

"Who were they, father?" asked Jess.

"The Dean and his wife," said Mr. Newton.

"You don't know them, father?"

"No," he said quietly. "I don't know anyone as yet; I have been here so short a time you see; but no doubt they will call, now that you have come home. I ought to tell you, Jess, that these county people are very proud and exclusive; they want to know all about a man and his belongings before they make his acquaintance. You'll understand presently."

When they reached home, Jess hurried upstairs and, with Janet's assistance, tried on the new dress. It only needed a slight alteration, and Janet whipped out a needle and cotton and, with deft fingers, did what was necessary, Jess, lying on the bed, watching her admiringly.

It was the first evening dress Jess had worn, and as she surveyed herself in the glass, she blushed with pardonable satisfaction, and just a little misgiving.

"Isn't it a—a little low, Janet?" she asked, the blush deepening.

"Oh, no, miss!" replied Janet confidently. "It's not at all too low; and, if it was for a ball, it would be lower still."

"Would it really?" said Jess, innocently. "It's very pretty."

Janet looked at her demurely, and as if she wondered whether her young mistress knew how lovely she was. The dress was a soft, Surah silk, of a delicate cream color, and it set off Jess' peculiar style of beauty very nearly to perfection.

"Yes, miss," said Janet. "It's a very pretty dress."

The gong rang, and Jess went downstairs. Her father surveyed her, as she entered the drawing-room, with a mixture of pride, admiration and surprise.

"You look quite a woman, Jess!" he said, eyeing the long silken train.

He was in evening dress, and he offered her his arm formally, as the butler announced dinner. Jess had not yet seen the dining-room and it rather startled her. It was the handsomest room in the house; with oak panelling and costly pictures. Though it was not yet dusk, the candles had been lit, and their light was reflected in massive plate and richly-cut glass; it was all new, of course, but there was no doubt about it all being very splendid.

The dinner was a good and elaborate one, the butler and the footman moved about with noiseless ease; Mr. Newton sat erect, and as if he were accustomed to the luxury and grandeur, and Jess tried to follow, and after a time succeeded in following, his example.

But the first two or three times she caught her reflection in a mirror opposite, she started and half wondered who the lady in the beautiful dress of delicate cream silk could possibly be!

Only last night, she had sat in the grim and blank dining-room of Minerva House; and now, here she was in this beautiful room, with its well trained servants and surroundings of luxury!

After dinner, Mr. Newton said, "I am going to have a cigar on the terrace, will you come out with me? or would you rather go into the drawing-room? I will join you presently."

Jess, thinking he would like to be alone, went back to the drawing-room. There was a grand piano there, and, after wandering round the room and looking at all the beautiful things, she sat down and began to play. Presently her father came to the open window, and stood listening, and he startled her by saying—

"You play well, Jess. Can you sing?"

"I don't know," she said. "I'll try, and you'll see."

She sang a sample ballad, with a pure, sweet voice, and in a simple way which made it very charming. Her father's hard face softened.

"You have your mother's voice, Jess!" he said.

She went out to him. "What a lovely night!" she said, as she leant on the balustrade and looked round her with a happy light in her eyes, a half smile on her lips. "What is that, father? Oh, I suppose it is the Castle!" she said, looking towards the building in the upper windows of which the lights could be seen shining. "I wonder what sort of people they are? One always feels curious about that sort of people."

His face darkened, and he grasped her arm as it rested on his. "Don't feel curious about them, Jess," he said. "Don't worry yourself about them; they will not worry themselves about you!"

She looked up at him with a little surprise.

"I hate them and all their kind!" he said almost to himself; then, as if half ashamed of his sudden vehemence, he added, "Go in and sing me something else, Jess. I am glad you are musical."

Jess went back to the piano, and presently the sweet voice was floating through the room again.

CHAPTER IV.

THE gentleman who had played the part of protector to Jess in the train drove to the Castle.

He was Lord Ravenhurst—Viscount Ravenhurst—the only son and heir of the Earl of Clansmere, and he was going to pay one of his rare visits to his father.

Now, one would like to say all sorts of nice and pleasant things about this exceedingly handsome and healthy young man; but Truth is sternly exacting, and Truth compels one to the painful admission that not very many nice and pleasant things can be said of him.

Perhaps he was no worse than many others of his race who had gone before him: for the Clansmere had always been a wild and reckless family, famous for their good looks, their utter disregard for money, the keen pursuit of pleasure at any cost—their own or other people's—and a capacity for enjoyment which weaker people delared to be as marvelous as it was wicked.

The peerage is one of the oldest in the kingdom, and its history is a strange mixture of the noble and the ignoble. Its members had fought for king and country in most of the big battles; in fact, the Clansmere's were always spoiling for a fight, as the Irishman puts it, for they were strong and lusty, and so hot-tempered that the blow generally preceded the word. They were hard fighters, they had been hard drinkers when drinking was the fashion, hard riders, and hard and fast in love-making. You could read the family characteristics in the portraits of the race which hung round the hall and in the picture gallery.

Price of race, self-reliance, buoyant health and spirits, and a reckless, devil-may-care, were written in the lines of the handsome faces, shone in the brilliant eyes, and smiled upon the clean cut lips.

Temptation and a title go very well in double harness, and it was difficult, if not well-high impossible, for a Clansmere, handicapped as he was by inherited tendencies, to be good and virtuous, self-denying, and frugal; and this young man had followed in the lines laid down by his forefathers, and had gone the pace in the race of life as fast and furiously as any one of them.

He had been in a crack cavalry regiment until the earl, his father, had blandly—Lord Clansmere had the manner and style of a Chesterfield—pointed out that the crack cavalry regiment was no longer possible, unless Lord Ravenhurst could manage to keep within his allowance; and, as Lord Ravenhurst could not manage to do this, had never succeeded in doing it, he had to send in his papers; but, alas! on leaving the service, he had found it necessary, by way of having something to do, to set up a racing stable; and it is doubtful whether it would not have been more economical to have allowed him to remain in the regiment of which he was so conspicuous an ornament.

Of course he was the idol of his set—the fastest and smartest set of these fast and smart days—for he was a good shot, a good dancer, and a good all-round man; and there was something in his frank and genial manner, in the light of his dark eyes, in the almost boyish smile, and the deep voice, which, at times, could be dangerously soft and musical, which women found irresistible.

He was welcome everywhere; not only in the mess room, at a smoking concert, where he could drink most of his companions silly, and troll out a ditty in a baritone of which a professional singer might have been envious; not only in the hunting-field, or amongst the guns in the turnips, but in the drawing rooms of quiet, country houses, and the fashionable ones of Mayfair, where the entrance of his tall, stalwart figure, and the sound of his voice caused many a flutter in the hearts that beat under silk and satin.

He was one of those men who seem born to be loved and admired and feted; and it is really a question whether, in these days of ugly utilitarianism, the State should not be compelled to grant a sum of money for the support of this kind of individual.

The world is full of clever men, of statesmen, of philosophers, of artists; but, there are not many of Lord Ravenhurst's kind, and, perhaps, they ought not to be allowed to become extinct, but kept going, just to show what a young English noblemen can do when he has been blessed or cursed with good looks, a graceful form, and a mind set, as entirely as an irresponsible child's, upon the pursuit of pleasure.

Though the earl and his son did not met very often, there was a very strong affection between them. They were proud of each other.

Lord Ravenhurst knew that his father was one of the handsomest and most polished old men in the kingdom; and the earl was proud of his son's good looks, his strength, his prowess in the field, and, almost, of his prodigality and recklessness.

They both knew that the Clansmere affairs were in a parlous state; that everything that could be was mortgaged, that the Jews were hovering around, waiting for the hour to strike when they could descend upon the estates like a flock of vultures.

But it had always been like that, ever since the earl could remember. There had never been any money, to any extent; but everything had been kept going as usual—the Castle of Ravenhurst, the house in Warwickshire, the mansion in Park Lane, the shooting lodge in Perthshire, the huge barrack of a place in Connemara, the palace in Italy, were all kept up with their complement of servants and gamekeepers and gillies and grooms, and horses, and carriages.

Wherever they went the Clansmeres lived in almost regal state—they moved in purple and fine linen, they dwelt and shone on high places, above the level of the common herd, and how they managed it, considering the condition of their finances, no one knows, and the writer cannot even guess. He can only state the fact with amazement.

How do people without money manage to live like princes, wear purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day? Most persons, when they can't pay their bills, come to smash, and probably go to jail; but there are some lucky individuals who appear to be able to procure all the good things of this world without money, and to enjoy them.

Perchance they enjoy them all the keener because they are not paid for. Perhaps a day of reckoning will come; but, until it does, these lucky individuals are as happy as butterflies flitting from flower to flower in the summer sunshine.

Lord Ravenhurst drove into the avenue with perfect skill, and up into the great gravelled space before the castle; grooms ran forward, footmen stood on either side of the open door; all of them smiled respectfully as if they were glad to see him, and Lord Ravenhurst, as he went up the terraced steps, nodded and spoke a friendly word or two as if he were glad to see them.

It didn't cost him much, perhaps he didn't mean much—though that's scarcely fair, for Ravenhurst was both genial and kind-hearted—but oh; it meant so much to the servants, who were firmly convinced that never since the world began had there been anyone so handsome, so altogether worthy of admiration and devotion as this young master of theirs.

It had been the same thing in the regiment—the men had adored him, and would have followed him through any deadly breach with cheerful alacrity.

"Well, Poynter!" said Lord Ravenhurst to the butler, as he tossed his hat and gloves to a footman, and stood, straight as an arrow, with his hands upon his hips, and looked round the stately hall, from the walls of which the faces of his dead ancestors looked down upon him—one might almost fancy with a smile of cynical approval.

"All right, here? You're looking just the same; not a day older, and very fit."

"Thank you, my lord," said Poynter, unbending and smiling as he would not have deigned to unbend or smile to anyone else. "I hope your lordship is well?"

"Never better, Poynter!" said Ravenhurst, "and as hungry as a hunter."

"Very glad, my lord!" murmured Poynter. "Dinner will be punctual. Your lordship will have a glass of wine?" almost meekly; then, with the stern dignity of a bishop, to the footman, "The sherry and biscuits, James."

"And how is my father, Poynter?" asked Lord Ravenhurst, as he drank the rare and costly wine, and ate his biscuits, tossing pieces to a spaniel and a deerhound who had heard his voice, and come after him to fawn about his feet, and plead for

a word, with their great, wistful eyes. "Is the earl in, Poynter?"

"Yes, my lord; his lordship is in his room."

"I will go up presently," said Lord Ravenhurst. "I'll just look round first."

He put on his hat, and sauntered out; strolled down to the stables, and talked to the head groom and coachman, looked at the kennels, and criticised the last batch of puppies; made his way to the river, which ran through the Park, and saw, with satisfaction, that the water was in good condition; went round to the Home Farm—that Home Farm which supplied the castle with butter, eggs, milk, and poultry, at prices just three times higher than they could have been bought for in the market.

Lord Ravenhurst didn't know it; but there was waste and extravagance all over—in the great house, in the stables, in the farm.

He went back and dressed for dinner before seeking his father. The earl was seated at the open window of the sitting-room which formed one of his suite of private apartments. He was a tall, thin man, with white hair, and a clean, shaven, sharply-cut face.

Aristocrat was written in every feature, in the grace that still lingered in the aged form, in the long white hands, and, more conspicuously, in the low, clear, and somewhat languid voice which had served him as a special charm during his long and conquering life.

He looked up as Lord Ravenhurst entered, and held out his hand. There were pride and affection in the looks which the men cast on each other.

"Very kind of you to come down, Bruce," he said.

The earl was famous for his courtesy to his family and the members of his household. No one ever did the smallest act of service for him without being thanked for it, and Lord Ravenhurst, though he could be polished enough when he liked, always felt rough when he was with his father.

"You're looking well, sir," he said. "You wanted to see me?"

The earl leant back and looked at the handsome face above him with a fine smile.

"Yes, I'm sorry to say I did, Bruce," he said. "I mean that I am sorry that I should have to drag you from London, and, worse still, to have to bother you with business. I hope you'll forgive me, my dear boy; and I am sure that you will believe that nothing but dire necessity would have induced me to have put you to so much inconvenience."

"What is it, sir?" asked Lord Ravenhurst.

The earl glanced at the priceless clock, set in Limoges enamel, which stood on the mantelshelf.

"I think we might postpone it until after dinner, Ravenhurst," he said. Sometimes, when he was serious, he addressed his son by his titular surname. Lord Ravenhurst understood that the present matter was of grave importance.

The two men talked of current affairs, of the latest scandals of the waning season, until the bell rang; then Lord Ravenhurst offered his arm to his father, for the earl had recently suffered from an attack of gout, and was rather weak on his legs.

They went down to the dining-room. It was a grand, and even a magnificent room, and, unlike that of the Grange, everything was old. The panelling was black with age, the pictures were almost indistinguishable, the massive plate was antique, the very table linen was thin and glossy with age.

There was an air of refinement, of patrician stateliness about the furniture, the apartment, the servants, and, more especially, the old nobleman who sat like a picture at the head of the table.

The meal was neither as elaborate nor as well cooked as that of the Grange, but the wines were choicer, and had been maturing in the cellars beneath the Castle many, many years before the bricks of which the Grange was built had been thought of.

When Poynter had, with religious care, brought in a bottle of the Ravenhurst port, in its wicker cradle, with a solemn "Anything more, my lord?" answered, benignly, with, "Nothing more, thank you, Poynter," had retired, the earl leant back in his chair, and holding his wine-glass up to the light, that he might see the color of the wine which his physician had strictly forbidden him to look upon, said—

"I asked you to come down, Ravenhurst, because Benson, so to speak, insisted upon it. You know," apologetically, "What Benson is when he is persistent! It would appear from his statement,—of course, he insisted upon drawing up a statement, he always does—that we are in a most deplorable condition, I mean, as regards money."

He sipped his wine with a perfectly serene air, as if he had been commenting on the weather. "Ever since I have known Benson he has been wailing and tearing his hair over the condition of our affairs; but it really seems as if he has now taken to gnashing his teeth. He declares that we are almost on the point of ruin."

He paused, and pushed the decanter across to Lord Ravenhurst. "This wine, Bruce, ought to be drunk; it is deteriorating; I feel quite sure of it. I think there must be something in what Benson says, because, when I asked him for some money—by the way, I think it was to send to you—he told me, with a bluntness that quite shocked me—for Benson is generally well-mannered—that he could not furnish it. I hope, my dear Bruce, that you've not been inconvenienced by my failure in sending you the sum you asked for?"

Lord Ravenhurst bit his moustache. "Well, I was, sir," he said.

"I am very sorry," said the earl, quite sincerely. "You've had some heavy losses at Newmarket lately?"

"Yes," said Ravenhurst, "the luck was dead against me."

"It so often is," said the earl, consolingly. "And I suppose that you are somewhat in debt?"

"Very much so," assented Lord Ravenhurst.

"In short," said the earl, "both you and I require a fairly large sum of money. I told Benson so, and, I regret to say, he laughed; I really don't know what's come to Benson lately."

"Good fellow, Benson," said Lord Ravenhurst. "Couldn't he suggest something?"

"Well, yes," said the earl, "let us give Benson due credit; he can always suggest something. He suggested that we should raise a mortgage on the Newton lands, and I think he has got the money from a neighbor of ours."

"Who is that? I didn't know anyone about here had any money to lend," said Lord Ravenhurst, with a short laugh.

"It's a new man," said the earl. "His name is—dear me, I've forgotten his name; quite a new name, too. Ah, I have it, 'Newton,' yes, Newton. He has bought that place, the Grange, just outside the village; a very wealthy man, Benson says He has made money in Africa—Benson is, of course, my authority. He is immensely rich, and is, I believe, a very decent person. I have not seen him. But Benson says that this new loan will almost entirely be absorbed in paying various interests, and will not help us to any ready money."

"Hasn't Benson anything else to suggest?" asked Lord Ravenhurst.

"Yes," said the earl. "May I trouble you to pass the wine? A beautiful color still, but I'm convinced it has lost something of that delicate flavor which was its chief recommendation. Yes, Benson suggests that you should marry."

Lord Ravenhurst set down the wine glass which he had half carried to his lips.

"The deuce, he does!" he said, half under his breath.

"Yes; the deuce—he does," said the earl, smiling at the neatness of the epigram. "After all, my dear Bruce, it was a very natural suggestion. What do you say?"

Lord Ravenhurst looked before him vacantly. Heaven knows what he saw.

"Marry money!" he said, under breath. "Easier said than done. Did Benson suggest the lady?" sarcastically.

"Yes," said the earl, with a fine smile. "That is the strange part of it. Practical, as usual, Benson had the lady in his mind's eye, so to speak."

"Oh!" said Lord Ravenhurst, rather grimly. "And who may she be?"

The earl wiped his lips with the old and exquisitely delicate serviette. "This same Mr. Newton's daughter!" he said. "For he has a daughter—an only daughter—and, consequently, heiress to all his ill-gotten—I really beg his pardon, it was inexcusable—I mean his well-gotten gold."

"What is she like?" asked Ravenhurst.

"Benson has not seen her," said the earl. "She has not put in an appearance yet; the father has only been here a few weeks, I believe; but Benson understands that she has been sent for."

There was a pause. "I am afraid I am boring you, my dear Bruce, but you must blame Benson. Seriously, I wish you would see him and ask him for all the details. Benson is a good fellow, a most faithful and devoted fellow; and if you could oblige him in this matter I should take it as a personal favor.

"Now, you want to smoke, my dear Bruce, I am sure. You won't mind me leaving you? Tobacco, even those delicate cigarettes of yours, always irritate my throat. Think over Benson's suggestion. Really, when one comes to consider it, the idea is not a bad one; providing always that you have no objection to the young lady herself."

Lord Ravenhurst opened the door for his father.

"I'll think it over, sir," he said.

Poor Jess.

CHAPTER V.

FOR days Jess did not lose her sense of wonderment at the change that had come over her life.

She used to go to sleep at night and dream that she was back at Miss Shaddock's, working in the whitewashed schoolroom, and harried to death with impositions by the grim Miss Grimes, and wake with a start—and sometimes with tears in her cheeks—to stare round the beautiful room with a sense of unreality. Then it would all come rushing back upon her, and, with a glad cry she would spring out of bed and ring for Janet, and go singing to her bath and through her toilet, and, still singing, down to the handsome and sunlit breakfast room, where her father was always awaiting her, with a pile of foreign looking letters beside his plate, and with a gravely affectionate greeting, which was always immediately followed by some plans for the day.

Mr. Newton would go to the study after breakfast to answer his letters, and Jess would put on her hat and run into the garden, which, notwithstanding its excess of gorgeousness and its lack of shade, she was growing fond of.

Sometimes she would wander through a little wicket-gate into the lanes, and pick the wild flowers which grew timidly under the hedges, as if trying to hide from their rich and splendid kinsfolk in the brilliant garden of the Grange.

Sometimes she would go as far as the village, and stop and chat with the people at the cottages and the children, who were too young to go to school and played about the road.

Before many days had passed, the slim, graceful figure and the pretty, piquant face were a welcome sight in Ravenhurst, and the mothers would come to the cottage doors with a smile on their faces, as they wiped their hands upon their aprons, to have a talk with "the pretty Miss Newton," who had dropped down into the little village on the hills "like an angel from the clouds," as one woman said.

Then Jess would go home, find her father ready to start for a drive with her. Sometimes they had the carriage, with whose grandeur Jess was becoming familiar, but more often they had a dog-cart, which Mr. Newton allowed Jess to drive, to her very great delight.

And then they went far into the country, now and again stopping at an hotel or wayside inn for lunch, and returning just in time for dinner.

In the course of these drives Mr. Newton would sometimes tell Jess of some of his struggles, and the incidents of his rapidly victorous career; but he was not a talkative man, and more often enticed Jess to talk of the school and its humors; and Jess made the best of Minerva House, remembering, and relating, only the comic side of school life, and was silent about the other and less pleasant aspect.

They often met some of the neighboring gentry, who regarded the grave man and the pretty girl with the soft, dark hair and gray-blue eyes, with curious interest; and Jess looked at them with a shy friendliness, which bewitched the male portion, at any rate.

Jess had written up to London, and a very gentlemanly man had came down from one of the famous establishments with patterns and fashion-plates.

Mr. Newton had quietly insisted upon her giving a large order, and presently an instalment of the articles arrived.

There were dainty morning dresses tailor-made costumes for walking and driving, evening frocks, tea-gowns, and other things too numerous to mention, but all in exquisite taste and extremely costly.

"I imagine you will be the best dressed girl in the place, *Jess*," remarked Mr. Newton, "and I am glad that it should be so."

"I seem to have been terribly extravagant, father," she said. "All these lovely things must have cost a tremendous sum of money. I am afraid to ask how much."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

THE MOST POPULAR.—The inhabitants of Heligoland have an odd custom on New Year's Eve. They then perambulate the streets with broken pots and pans, which they place before their friends' doors; and the man who has the largest heap before his cottage is considered the most popular.

LOOKS OUT FOR HIMSELF.—In hunters' lore there is an idea that the jackal is the lion's provider—that he finds the game and takes the lion to it. This superstition has no more foundation than is found in the fact that after a lion has slain his quarry the jackals always attend, and await the conclusion of the repast, in order to pick up the leavings.

GOBLETS.—Goblets, with stem and stand like those we use to-day, were employed in Troy 900, B. C. Among the valuable objects recently found is a golden goblet. Vessels of this metal were commonly employed in the service of the temples. A curious goblet with three stems has been found at Pompeii. Its use is conjectural, but the supposition is that it was used to pour libations to the gods.

ANCIENT BURIAL.—A fresh discovery at Eleusis is of a tomb of considerable importance for the variety and richness of its contents which has been unearthed. Around the skeleton of a woman buried in it (probaby a priestess) lay numerous objects of female ornament, among which were some some very finely executed earrings with amber globules, some brooches in bronze and iron, many rings in gold and silver, and some bronze bracelets. The rest of the contents of the grave consisted of some seventy vases of various forms, three Egyptian scarabei, and a statuette of Isis in ivory. These last objects point to some relation between the Eleusinian mysteries and Egypt, it is supposed.

ROYAL TOYS.—A very pretty custom of old standing prevails in the Imperial family of Germany—namely, that at Christmas and birthdays of the Royal children, the stock of toys belonging to them is overhauled, and those no longer in special favor are sent off to children's hospitals. The present Empress, who is the most motherly of women, never forgets the observance of this custom, packing the toys with her own hands. As the sick children are told that the toys come from the Palace, they care for them, and some interesting relics are still in existence, as, for instance, the battered tin soldiers with which the old Emperor played when a child, and an old doll, which was a favorite in the infancy of Queen Louise of Prussia.

THE PEACOCK THRONE.—The most costly throne in the world was the famous Peacock Throne at Delhi, which was so named from the figures of two peacocks standing behind it, with tails expanded. These birds were inlaid with sapphires, rubies, emeralds and other stones in such a manner as to give them the appearance of life. The throne itself was of solid gold inlaid with rubies, diamonds and emeralds. Above it was a canopy of gold standing on twelve pillars, ablaze with gems; the fringe of the canopy was bordered with enormous pearls. Two umbrellas, the emblem of Oriental royalty, stood at either side of the throne, with handles of solid gold eight feet in length, and studded with diamonds. Their coverings were of crimson velvet embroidered with pearls. The cost of this magnificent throne was said to be no less than $25,000,000.

OPALS.—Opals are regarded as unlucky by the least superstitious people, but it is not generally known why they are held in especial disfavor above all other precious stones. They were much worn in Venice, and during one of the epidemics of the plague it was noticed that immediately before the death of those who were stricken, any opals they might be wearing upon their fingers would suddenly brighten. The Venetians immediately declared that it was the stones which caused the illness, overlooking the fact that it might be the illness which affected the color of the stones. Opals are sensitive to the least variation of heat or cold, and the fever that accompanied an attack of the plague being at its height immediately before the death of its victim, caused the colors of the stone to shine with extraordinary brilliancy. Such was the origin of the superstition. If an opal be held to the fire for a few seconds, it will turn almost red, a convincing proof of the fallacy regarding its power to bring ill-luck.

THE MADDING CROWD.

BY E. R. D.

O paradise for weary hearts!
  Beneath these trees, with dreamy eyes,
I sit and watch the last bright flush
  Of sunset in the summer skies.

O peaceful spot, thou dost not know
  Thy blessed power! Yet my breast
Is full of gratitude to thee
  For all these long sweet hours of rest.

Here, in a world of inner thought—
  Thought unimpassioned, pure, and deep—
I find Life lovely after all,
  And lull my discontent to sleep.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNNE'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LXXII.

"WE ought to be very much flattered," said Lord Linleigh, with a smile, as he laid an open letter before his wife. "When did we leave London?—in June. It is only the middle of July, yet some of our friends are growing weary for us."

It was such a July morning as makes the dwellers in cities ill with envy—when the earth hangs like a huge shining jewel in the firmament of heaven—a morning when life seems the greatest luxury; when to breathe and to live is a blessing without alloy.

The sky was dark blue, without even one little white cloud to obscure it. It looked so far off, so much further than when low-lying clouds touch the earth.

The sun was golden bright, warm without intense heat, and the air—ah! well, it would require a poet to tell how balmy and soft it was; how it came over the meadows laden with the breath of sweet clover; how it came from the woods with the odor of wild hyacinths; how it came from the gardens with the fragrance of rose and of lily, with the fragrance of every flower that blows.

Then it was filled with soft delicious thrills, with the cooing of the ring-doves and the song of the lark. Nature was in her happiest mood.

The earl and countess had come down early to breakfast—the long windows were open—the perfumed air came in. They smiled, as among the letters they saw one from Earle to Doris.

"He writes every day," said Lord Linleigh.

"Quite right," said Lady Estelle. "I like to see lovers deeply in love."

They smiled again, when, fresh and fair as the morning itself, Doris came down. Her face flushed when she saw the letter; a sweet, dewy brightness came into her eyes; she laid it aside as if waiting for time.

"Read your letter, Doris," said Lady Linleigh, and the girl opened it.

Ah! well, perhaps life does not hold a greater pleasure than reading a passionate love letter on a bright summer morning. Her dainty color deepened as she read; the light grew brighter in her eyes.

"My love!" thought the girl; "how he loves me!"

And with the fragrant breath of the summer morning, with the light of the blue skies, with the song of the birds, there came to her a pang of regret that she was so utterly unworthy of this great pure love, that her soul was so terribly stained by crime.

Then, she said to herself that she would atone for it, that she would do to the very best of her power make up for it; that she would be so loving, so tender, so true, he should never have cause to regret it.

For it was such a love-letter as would have touched any girl's heart; written with the fire of a poet and of a lover.

She lost herself in a day-dream, in a golden trance of happiness; it was coming so near, this wedding day which was to bind her to Earle forever, and free her from all care.

It was Lady Linleigh's voice that roused her, and she was asking:

"What friend is coming—who is coming, Ulric?"

"Lord Vivianne—he does not say how long he intends remaining. There is the letter; read it."

But the countess was preparing a cup of fragrant tea after the fashion she liked best, and Lord Linleigh, seeing that said:

"I will tell you about it, Estelle. Lord Vivianne says he shall be passing through Anderley on his way to Leeson, and he should very much like to spend a few days with us. I can but answer in the affirmative, I suppose."

"Certainly; it will be a change for you. You have been very quiet lately; we can have a picnic and a dinner party while he is here."

Lord Linleigh glanced with a shrewd smile at his daughter. It did not seem to him wonderful that his lordship should be passing through Anderley. The only pity was that it was all in vain. But he did not see his daughter's face; it was turned from him.

The love letter had fallen from her hands, the golden light had faded from the skies, the beauty of the morning had vanished. Her face grew pale, her eyes darkened.

Why was he coming? Whatever might be the reason, it meant mischief to her, she was sure of it. He had promised not to come near her until the end of August. Then he was to come for her answer; what was bringing him now?

"I must bear it; I have to live it through," she said to herself, "no matter what it may be."

In a dumb passion of despair, she heard Lady Linleigh ask when he was coming.

"He will be here by the end of the week," said the earl, carelessly; then he laughed a little.

"Why are you laughing?" asked Lady Estelle.

"My dear Estelle, I am just thinking how eagerly you seized upon his coming as an excuse for a little gayety," he replied; "you who assured me so seriously you preferred quiet and solitude."

Lady Estelle blushed.

"I plead guilty, Ulric," she said. "It must be because I am very happy myself that I like to see every one else happy too."

They both wondered why Lady Doris was so silent.

"It must be from sheer excess of happiness," thought the countess.

Lord Linleigh asked:

"Will you drive with me this morning, Doris, or would you prefer to ride or walk?"

"Will you go with me?" asked Lady Estelle. "I am going to Streathaw."

"No, thank you, papa. Thank you, Lady Linleigh, I am going to spend the morning in the gardens."

"That means writing a long letter to Earle," said Lord Linleigh, with a smile.

She did not contradict him, and Lady Estelle, when she kissed her and bade her good-morning, thought how beautiful it was to be young, happy, and in love.

Doris went out. There was the shade of fragrant trees, the brilliant colors of a thousand flowers; and Doris saw and heard nothing—she was full of despair.

"Why is he coming?" she cried, passionately; "just as I was growing so happy, learning to forget him and his terrible threats—why is he coming? It is like the serpent stealing into paradise. Ah, Heaven! if I could but undo that unhappy past!"

Standing here in the sunshine, with every blessing from heaven lavished upon her—more, according to outward appearances, to be envied than any other girl in England—she saw the great canker-worm of her life in its true colors. Sin had spoiled all for her.

Sin! Why she could remember when, in her innocence of her youth and beauty she had laughed at the word sin—she had scoffed at it,

"What did sin matter?" she had said to herself; "the only thing was to make the very best of life, to enjoy it with all her power, to grasp its pleasures before they had time to fade." Sin! why it was all sheer nonsense.

"Now, when sin had found her out, when its black trail had entered her life and poisoned it—when its consequences, pursuing her, were leading her to shame and disgrace, she began to recognise it for what it was.

She said to herself that if she could begin life over again she would be quite different, she would try to be good, like Mattie; she would think less of her own beauty; and if the same temptation came to her again, which had been so artfully offered her once, she would refuse it.

She wished with all her heart that she had turned a deaf ear to Lord Vivianne's entreaties.

"I did know it was wrong," she said to herself, with unusual candor; "I had enough of what was good in me to know that, and I am sorry, really sorry that I did it."

Who knows how much repentance the Father above requires from a soul? Who shall measure His mercy? The terrible tragedy was drawing nearer; and it might be that the sorrow which rose from the poor, weak, vain soul that morning was sufficient to save it.

So she lived the time through until Lord Vivianne came. She was glad that Lady Linleigh had arranged for a little gayety; meeting him alone would have been simply unendurable. As it was, she met him in a drawing-room half-crowded with guests. He found time and opportunity for saying a few words to her:

"How beautiful you look, Dora! I have never seen you looking so well!"

"I should be flattered at pleasing such fastidious taste as yours," she replied.

"Yes, you do look most lovely; those waves of green and white, and the water lilies in your hair—you look like Undine!"

"Before or after she had found her soul?" she asked, with a mocking smile.

He laughed that low, light laugh for which she hated him.

"I have never quite made up my mind as to whether women have souls or not," he said. "I am inclined to think not; if they have, they certainly make queer use of them."

"Lady Linleigh!" cried the girl, to the countess, who was just passing by, "what do you imagine Lord Vivianne says?"

"I can not imagine," replied the countess, with a smile.

"He says he is inclined to believe women have no souls; or, if they have, they make queer use of them."

The countess looked slightly shocked.

Lord Vivianne gave one angry look at the spoiled beauty.

"That is a very dreadful opinion to hold, my lord," said Lady Estelle.

"Lady Studleigh is hardly just to me," he replied. "She tells you what I say, but she does not tell you, although she knows, what led me to form that opinion."

The countess looked quickly from one to the other with a grave intentness that did not escape either. There was something more than mere badinage in this—something which she did not at all understand. Then Lady Doris saw that she had made a mistake in trying to expose him—she must not play with edged tools.

Lady Linleigh left them, not feeling quite satisfied. Why should he speak in that contemptuous manner of women, to a woman who was was so young, so beautiful? It was not chivalrous—it was not even gentlemanly.

And Lady Doris' manner puzzled her too; it was as though she wished to expose Lord Vivianne, to make others think evil of him. She could not forget the little circumstance.

"Yet it must be a fancy of mine," she thought. "They have so seldom met, they know so little of each other, there can be nothing but the most commonplace acquaintance between them."

Still it made her curious, and she purposely selected Lord Vivianne to take her down to dinner, in order that she might, after a little diplomatic fashion of her own, question him.

"How do you think Lady Studleigh is looking?" she asked him, when they had a chance for a few quiet words. "She was not well at all when we left London."

"I think her looking as beautiful as it is possible for any one to look," he replied, "and as well."

"I am glad you think so. It must have been a great privation for he to leave London in the very midst of the season, or, I should say, in the midst of a brilliant finale."

"Yes; I do not remember, of late years, any one who created such a furore as Lady Studleigh," was his reply.

"You met her often during the season?"

"Yes, I met her very frequently, it was impossible to go much into society without doing so—she was an unusual favorite."

The countess saw plainly that if he admired her he was not going to say so; she would not be able to get at his real opinion.

Yet the very caution of his words and manner, the restraint in his speech, the guarded expression of his face, all told her that she was right in her half-formed fancy.

There was something unusual, either on his part or hers—which she could not make out. She would not devote more time to him that evening; the guests were numerous, and must be entertained.

The gentlemen did not remain long in the dining-room, and the drawing-room presented a beautiful picture; the lamps were all lighted and showed like huge pearls among the countless flowers; the gay dresses and shining jewels of the ladies seemed to shine with unwonted luster.

The sweet summer evening was so warm and so fragrant, the rich silken hangings were drawn, and the long windows were open, and from them the countess saw a fairy-land of moonlight and flowers.

"I wish we had some music," said the earl; "it only wants that to complete the enchantment. Doris, will you sing?"

She went to the piano, and the rich voice floated through the room. Many who saw her then never forgot her; the green and white dress floating round her, the water-lilies in her golden hair, a flush on the beautiful face, while the rich voice poured out such a strain of melody as few had ever heard equaled.

They who saw her then, and knew what followed, did not forget the picture.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

"THE night is so fine," said the earl, "you young people would enjoy a short time on the lawn. Look at those lilies asleep in the moonlight—go and wake them. Then we will have the card-tables. That is as it should be—cards for the old, moonlight for the young."

That was the very chance Lord Vivianne had been longing for; he did not think he could bear suspense much longer. Now he was sure of a tete-a tete. Here, in these rooms, half filled with people, it had been an easy matter to avoid him, or to make others join in the conversation; it would not be as easy out there in the moonlight.

Lady Linleigh, who had never for one moment relaxed her keen, untiring watch, saw him go up to Lady Doris, and speak a few words to her in a low voice.

At first the beautiful face flushed hotly, and the bright eyes seemed to flash out a proud defiance. Then there was an expression of half startled fear, followed by one of submission most unusual in her.

"There is a mystery!" she said to herself; "there is something between him and my darling!"

The mother's first impulse was to screen her, to help her. Lady Linleigh crossed the room and went to her.

"Doris," she said, in a clear, distinct voice, that all might hear, "Doris, do not go if you prefer remaining here."

The girl raised her eyes to the calm, gentle face, and Lady Linleigh was shocked to see tears in them.

"Thank you," she said, calmly; "I shall enjoy going out. Who could resist the moon and the flowers?"

"Then do not remain long. You look tired, and we must remember you are not strong."

Lord Vivianne joined them.

"Lady Studleigh has graciously promised to show me the fountains by moonlight. I will watch her faithfully, and at the first symptom of fatigue I promise you she shall return."

Then the countess could say no more. She saw Lord Vivianne carefully draw the black shawl over the white neck and arms.

"Not that you can be cold," he said, in reply to some objection, "but, as Lady Linleigh says, we must be careful of you."

And he smiled down on her with an air of protection and of appropriation for which she in her rage could have struck him dead, and which made Lady Linleigh wonder exceedingly.

"It is ten thousand pities," she thought, "that he does not know she is engaged to Earle."

Then a new suspicion came to her, which made her even more uncomfortable. was it possible that her daughter's passionate desire for secrecy had anything to do with Lord Vivianne? Was her daughter afraid of letting him know that she was going to be married?

The very torment of the suspicion, faint as it was, filled her with dread. Then she saw the happy little group of guests on the lawn, she caught one glimpse of the white water-lilies and green dress as Lady Studleigh disappeared with her cavalier.

"What has come over me?" said the countess. "I have a presentiment, heavy as death! What can be wrong? I shall begin to think I am growing old and fanciful. What danger can be near my darling?"

She set herself resolutely to play at whist, but every now and then her partner saw her turn pale and shudder, as though she was cold.

Doris and Lord Vivianne were out in the moonlight together, and alone at last. At first they maintained complete and perfect silence. Lord Vivianne placed the white, jeweled hand on her arm.

She did not make the least objection; it

was useless, she was in his power, and she knew it; she would not even ask the question that trembled on her lips, and filled her with despairing wonder—What had brought him there? She walked by his side, silent, proud, and uncomplaining.

"My darling," he said at last, "does not this evening remind you of Florence, and the moonlight on the river?"

"If I am to talk to you, Lord Vivianne, and it seems I am compelled to do so, I must ask you to refrain from using such expressions as 'darling.' I will not answer you if you do; they are utterly hateful to me."

"Yet I remember the time when they pleased you passing well. Do you remember, Dora, when I gave you a diamond ring? You have diamonds now on your neck and arms, in your ears, in your hair. They shine like fire rivers over your beautiful figure; you are so accustomed to them that they have ceased to have any particular value for you. But do you remember your delight in the first?"

"Women remember their first diamonds as they do their first long dress or their first lover," she replied.

"I suppose so. Oh, Dora, be a little kind to me! We are here in this sweet moonlight together, yet you do not give me one word, one smile. You were not always so hard or so cruel. In Florence, you used to walk with both these beautiful white hands clasped over my arm. Do you remember it?"

Then she raised to his a face that, in its pride and anger, he never forgot.

"I will not permit you to mention those days to me," she cried. "They are hateful; the very mention of them brands me as with a red-hot iron. I will not bear it. I would sooner—listen to me—I know the words are unwomanly—I would sooner pass through the infernal fires than go to Florence with you again."

He laughed.

"I like to see you in a passion, Dora; it suits you; you would have made a grand tragedy queen. I do not wish to vex you or to tease you, because, as you know, I wish to make you my wife. Do you know, can you guess, what has brought me here?"

"No. You have broken our compact in coming, I know that!"

Still it was the question over which she had pondered, by day and by night, ever since she had heard he was coming. It made her heart beat fast, but she would not give way; there was not the least sign of emotion.

"Do you not wonder what has brought me here, Dora?" he repeated.

"I am very indifferent," she said; "no one could be more so."

"I will tell you. I came to see if you were keeping faith with me, if there was any rumor of a lover, any rumor of an engagement. I came purposely for that."

"And if there had been?" she said.

"If there had been, why, you see, Dora, matters would have turned out very awkwardly for both of us."

"You are satisfied that there is not?"

"Yes, tolerably so. There is no lover here; I hear of none in the neighborhood. And you are not engaged to be married—that I do know."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have made inquiries in the proper direction. I am, I may say, quite satisfied."

He could not tell the sensation of intense relief that came over her—the wild throbbing of her heart. She was safe, then, so far, and could marry Earle. Half of the dread and fear she had felt faded away from her.

"I own," continued Lord Vivianne, "that I have suspected you unjustly. You deceived me once, and I fancied that you intended to deceive me again; you eluded me once, you will not elude me again."

"You thought I was going to do so?"

"I thought your manner strange, your leaving London in the height of your triumph strange, your coming to this quiet, though beautiful country home, strange."

"I told you that I wanted time for reflection," she said.

"Yes; and even that, when I came to think of it, was strange. Of course I shall keep my word now that I have given it. But why should you, how can you, need time for reflection? The idea is utterly absurd. You cannot, for a moment, hesitate between my threat and my offer."

"But I do hesitate," she said, "incredible as it may seem to you."

He looked in her face, so fair and calm in the moonlight, and so proud!

"I wish you would tell me why you hesitate?" he said.

"I will. I dislike you so much. The idea of having to spend my life with you is so utterly abhorrent to me, that I hesitate between that and the total ruin that would follow my refusal."

"You must indeed dislike me," he said, "if you prefer ruin, shame, and disgrace to me."

"I do."

"Will you tell me why?" he asked.

"I should have thought both answer and question useless. Why, to begin with, you tempted me to sin and shame, by flattering my vanity and my pride—"

"You did not really require much temptation, Lady Studleigh."

"Thank you—you are as generous as you are gentlemanly. Granted that I did not require much temptation, you placed what little I did want before me. Do you not see," she cried, with sudden passion, "that you have spoiled my life? It would be bright, hopeful, full of charm, but for you—you have marred and blighted it. I do not like you—I never did. The very way in which you won me was hateful to me; your love was all self. I never liked you. And now, when I could be happy—ah, Heaven, so unutterably happy—you come like a black shadow and rob my life of every bit of happiness that it contains. No wonder that I loathe you!"

"No," he said, gently, "it is not."

"Then why do you not be kind to me, and let me be quite free?" she asked, emboldened by the softening of his voice.

"You have guessed the reason," he replied. "You have said—it is because I am selfish to my heart's core. I sacrificed you once to my selfish love; is it likely that I should hesitate a second time?"

"You might well hesitate, because I suffered so keenly over the first."

The red flush deepened on his face, a strange light came into his eyes.

"I will not let you go free, neither will I cease from my endeavors to make you my wife; and the reason is because I love you. Oh, proud, fair, lovely woman! I love you with the very madness of love, with the desperation of the fiercest passion, with a love that is my doom and yours."

"You have heard of men made desperate through love; look at me, you will see it. I will kill you if you attempt to leave me—if you attempt to give the love that ought to be mine to another man!"

"Thank you for the threat," she said.

"You drive me to threats, you give me no other resource. I would fain be all that is kind and good to you; I would worship you; I would lay all that I have at your feet, only begging of you to take it. What would I not do to prove how dearly I love you!"

"It is all self. We will have the plainest possible understanding. If there be any manhood in you, it shall be shamed. You shall have it in plain words. You quite understand that if ever I should marry you, it would be because by threats you had compelled me to do so; that I should hate and detest you if I became your wife even more than I hate and detest you now.

"As the days went, loathing would become greater, so that no friendly word would ever pass between us, and I should consider you simply as a tyrant who bound me in chains. You understand all this?"

"I will risk it," he replied. "I should not despair of regaining your love in time."

The face she turned to him was pallid in its despair.

"You never would regain it," she said, calmly. "Yet there is one way in which even now you might gain my liking, my esteem, my sincere friendship."

His face kindled at the words.

"How, Dora? Tell me how!" he cried, eagerly.

"By saying to me: 'You are free. I took advantage of your youth and innocence; I am sorry for it. You are free! Forgive me the wrong that has been done, and let us be friends.' If you would do that, Lord Vivianne, even now I should like you with a warm, true liking."

He was silent for a few minutes; her appeal had touched him greatly. Looking at him, she saw that his face had softened. Impulsively she laid a warm soft hand on his:

"I never thought to use words of persuasion to you," she said, "I never thought to plead or to pray to you, but I do so now; be kind to me and, and let me go free."

He was tempted for one moment; but that warm, soft hand crept like fire through his veins, his pulses thrilled, his heart beat.

Give her up!—this fair woman whose beauty has maddened him! No! never, never—come what might!

"I would not release you, Dora, I would not give you up, if every angel and every fiend, combined, tried to take you from me!"

CHAPTER LXXIV.

"AUGUST at last," said Lady Linleigh; "it is the first to-day. Not long now, Doris, until the tenth."

"No; not long," was the reply.

"Everything is ready and waiting at Hyde House," continued the countess; "the whole of your trousseau is ready, and a more magnificent one was never designed."

"I am more than satisfied with it," said the young beauty. "What time will Mattie Brace be here, Lady Linleigh?"

"About noon. I shall send the carriage to the station."

"I will drive my pretty ponies," said Doris, eagerly. "I have only used them once since papa gave them to me. She will be pleased if I meet her."

"It is well thought of, my dear," said Lady Estelle. "Doris, do you know what I have done?"

"No; something kind and nice, like yourself; I know by the sound of your voice."

"I have ordered a very nice little trousseau for Mattie—dresses that will not be unsuited to her at home, yet will do for her to wear here. I shall be so lonely when you are gone that I thought of asking her to remain here. I shall miss you so much, Doris."

"And I shall miss you, dear Lady Linleigh. I never thought when you came home to my father's house that I should learn to love you so dearly."

Lady Linleigh clasped her arms round the girl's neck.

"Tell me one thing," she said, caressingly; "do you think I have been as kind to you as your own mother would have been?"

"I do not think, dear Lady Linleigh; I am quite sure," she replied.

"It is an odd fancy of mine," said the countess, with a wistful smile, "but I have always been so fond of children. I have such a longing to hear a child call me mother. Doris—you will have left me in ten days. Will you kiss me, and say, 'Heaven bless you, my own mother'?"

"Of course I will. Heaven bless you, my own dear mother; you have been one to me. You have helped me in every little trouble and perplexity; you have been kind to me, without ceasing. Why, Lady Linleigh, your face is wet with tears!"

"Is it, darling? I feel your going away so much. But we must not remain talking here. If you wish to drive to the station, it is high time the ponies were brought round; and I myself wish to see that everything is as she will like it in Mattie's room."

The warmer days of the golden summer had passed away rapidly; it was the first of August, and the marriage was to be on the tenth.

So great and entire had been the secrecy preserved, that no creature in that vast establishment knew anything at all about it; the servants and every one else thought that Mattie was simply coming for her yearly visit; but that the wedding of their young lady was on the tapis, no one for a moment suspected.

Lord Vivianne had not made a very long stay at Linleigh Court; matters were not very pleasant for him there. Lady Linleigh seemed suddenly to have grown very observant, and he found but few opportunities of speaking to Doris.

After his impassioned, violent words on that evening, she had made no answer; the rapture and tenderness had all died from her face—a hard, fixed look came in her eyes.

"Let the worst come now," she said; "it will serve him right."

She pleaded and prayed no more; and it was well for him that he could not read the thoughts that were in her mind. He poured out such a torrent of passionate words she heard none of them. After a time she said:

"I think we have been out long enough, Lord Vivianne; we will return, if you please."

When they reached the lawn again, where the ladies with their attendant cavaliers were enjoying the fair, sweet night, he suddenly took her right hand, and kissed it.

"I shall hope to make this mine one day," he said.

She snatched it from him with sudden violence, and it struck the trunk of a tree with such terrible force that he thought she had broken it.

"I will cut my hand off," she said, "if you touch it again."

He was startled by her vehemence.

"You do indeed hate me, Dora," he said, sadly.

"I do, indeed," was the reply.

And then they saw Lady Linleigh walking across the lawn to them.

"My dear Doris," her ladyship cried, "what is the matter, darling? See! you have a great stain of blood on your dress—and your hand! What has happened?"

She took the white hand, with its purple, bleeding bruised, into her own.

"What is the matter, Doris? Lord Vivianne, what is the matter?"

She saw that he looked dreadfully distressed.

"Dear Lady Linleigh, it is nothing," said Lady Doris, quickly, fearing that he would speak. "I was resting against the gate there, and I thought something was on my hand; a snake crawled over it—a terrible slimy snake—and, in a hurry, I bruised it against the gate—that is all."

"But," said the countess, perplexedly, "Lord Vivianne was with you."

"Oh, yes, he was there."

"I was there, Lady Linleigh, and I am terribly distressed over the accident: but Lady Studleigh was too quick for me; before I could assure her that there was nothing the matter, she had flung her hand so violently that I thought she had broken it. There was no snake."

"There could not be," said the countess; "I have never heard of any snakes at Linleigh. Give me your hand, child. What a terrible bruise!"

The countess took her injured hand and gently bound it, little dreaming how it had been hurt.

After that Lord Vivianne had been very much subdued. Such an excess of hatred startled him; he could not realize it; he was half alarmed at the violence of the passion he had evoked; still no idea of yielding came to him.

As he watched, day after day, her beauty, her grace, grew more and more enchanting to him. It was not so much love as madness that possessed him; he would not have relinquished his hold or have given her up to have saved his life.

During the remainder of his stay the countess kept keen, unwavering watch over him, but he had learned his lesson after what he had seen. How little she reeked of physical pain, how careless she was of herself.

He dared not venture to tease her; he felt that she was quite capable of committing murder if he drove her too far; he contented himself by saying to her when he was going:

"It is understood between us, then, Lady Studleigh, that I return on the twentieth of August for your decision."

"It is quite understood," she replied, with calm dignity.

"I hope it will be a favorable one to me, and I hope my reception will be kinder next time than it has been this."

"You will always be welcome according to your deserts," she replied.

"I hope, above all, the poor, bruised hand will be better when I come again," he said, with a meaning smile, "and that you will not find any more snakes in these beautiful moonlit grounds."

"It will be as well for the snakes to keep away," she said.

When he went, the little current of gayety that had come with him died away all together.

Lady Linleigh was relieved when he had gone; without knowing what to suspect, she suspected something; she felt like some one walking on the brink of a volcano; but when he was gone, and a few days had passed without anything happening, she felt relieved.

She had not forgotten the incident of the bruised hand; although everything else might be fancy, that was not. When Lord Vivianne bade the earl good-bye, he said:

"I have enjoyed my visit very much, Lord Linleigh; so much that if I should return by the same route about the end of August, I shall beg permission to repeat it."

The earl most cordially assured him that he would be welcome.

And so the bright summer days had worn away. To Lady Doris each one brought a fresh sensation of relief. The tenth was drawing near.

Lord Vivianne was still in utter and profound ignorance of all that was transpiring. She would be married and away when he came back; how she enjoyed the thought of his discomfiture. She laughed aloud as she thought of his impotent anger.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NOVEMBER.

BY E. J. B.

Lo! through the vapor gray
Brown Autumn hies away,
And leaves her blood-red banners lying scattered, torn, and sere;
The days have dwindled slowly,
And now the wind sobs lowly
A melancholy farewell to the glory of the year.

Now scowling Winter's seen
Forging his arrows keen,
And the old men and the children soon will fall below his bow;
The birds and patient cattle
Will flee before his battle,
And the mole and timid dormouse will hide in terror low.

But soon the radiant Spring
Will spread her golden wing,
And melt the tyrant's fury with the softness of her eye;
The little child will bless her,
The young lambs skip to press her,
And the lark sing loud her praises as he mounts the sunny sky.

And shall I be alive
To hail the merry hive
Of bees and birds and children in the lovers' leafy lane?
How many plans are broaching
For the New Year fast approaching,
For whom no happy Spring-tide will ever shine again!

A Matter of Form.

BY L. B. A.

THE first time I saw Mrs. Wittingham she was selling at a fancy fair. She was dressed as a Boulogne fishwife, and the points which most impressed the spectator were the shortness of her skirts and the size of her waist. When I allude to the size of her waist, I should rather say its smallness. There seemed, literally, nothing of it, yet the velvet corselet was as tightly laced as though it were a vice that had to be repressed.

She was standing with her back towards me, looking up at a tall, stolid-looking young man, to whom she was endeavoring to sell cigarettes.

She had a fishing-net over one arm, and her red fisher-cap looked rather well in conjunction with her jet black hair. Her back looked about seventeen, but when she turned her face I saw she must be forty at the very least.

"Who is that?" I asked the man I had come with, and he gave a faint smile at my ignorance as he replied, "Don't you know Mrs. Wittingham with the Waist?"

"It is the smallest waist in London," replied my friend, with decision. "That woman has got into society simply through the possession of that waist. She went to some hunt ball in her youth, at which Royalty was present, and Royalty said, 'Who is that woman with the waist?' From that day Mrs. Wittingham went mad about her waist, and it has had an enormous influence in her career.

"Her waist brought her up to London, her waist got her into society, her waist takes her to Monte Carlo, to Hamburg, to Aix—but, I believe, the Prince has never looked at her again."

"And what about her husband?" I asked, being a person of old-fashioned ideas.

"The husband? Oh, nobody thinks anything about him! He was just a country squire, devoted to farming, but she has dragged him up to town, away from all his own interests and the place where he was known, and he seems very much like a fish out of water."

As we were talking, Mr. Wittingham appeared—a serious, robust man, turning slightly gray. He wore the irreproachable frockcoat of town life, but had one of those figures which it seems impossible to disassociate from a Norfolk suit and gaiters.

The girls at the flower stall made a rush at him, and all implored him to buy a buttonhole at once, and I heard him explaining with a distressed countenance that he had only come in to fetch his wife.

"Here is John coming," said Mrs. Wittingham, with a petulant mouse; "now all my fun is spoilt. You had all better buy up my cigarettes at once. Help me to empty my basket. I shan't be able to sell any more."

"Ah, here comes the husband. We must mind our p's and q's," said the tallest man in the group with a good-natured smile, in which I fancied I detected a look of relief, and the group fell back a little as Mr. Wittingham advanced with a ponderous smile on his face.

"Oh, you tiresome old thing!" she cried, "have you come to fetch me already? You always spoil my fun."

"It is quite time you came home," he replied; "you know we have to dine at the Verekers', and you will barely have time to dress. The brougham is at the door, and I have brought you a cloak to go home in."

"Oh, Bobby will put on my cloak for me," she said carelessly, casting an alluring glance at one of her train; "he puts on a cloak better than anybody in London. Most men put on a cloak as if one was perfectly flat—just as if they were hanging it on a clothes-line, and my husband wraps you up into an uncomfortable bundle, and tells you to take care of your chest. But Bobby gets it nicely round you; any one would think he wore a mantle himself."

She bestowed a sweet smile on the young man as she made this last remark, and he drew the cloak round her shoulders in a way which was almost a caress.

"All right, John, I'm coming, I'm coming," and she broke away from her admirers with a parting shrug and a piteous glance, as who should say, "He always carries me off."

Mr. Wittingham escorted her to the door, looking preternaturally grave. It was evident he had not seen her fishwife dress before, for as they passed by me I heard him say, "My dear, is it not much too short?"

* * * * * *

The next time I saw Mrs. Wittingham was at a bachelor party in Victoria street. An interval of ten years had passed. I had been half over the globe as a special correspondent, I had got married, and had had many things to think of besides Mrs. Mrs. Wittingham with the Waist. The party was given by two very wealthy young men of my acquaintance, who shared a beautiful flat.

They were thoroughly adapted for living together—one of them had a mania for "old blue," and the other had a fancy for Dutch silver, and was quite a good judge of old lace.

The result was a suite of reception rooms which were the admiration of all the ladies who came to the bachelor parties. The two friends were the despair of all the match-making mothers in the city of London.

"You see, it would be very sad if either of us were to marry," one of them said to me one day, in all seriousness; "how could we break up such a perfect collection of old Dutch?"

I was well pleased enough to go to the bachelor tea—an institution which struck me as novel, after such a long absence from town, but I had married an Austrian wife, who had very strict ideas upon these points.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I induced her to accompany me on this occasion—the party was not at all in accordance with her foreign ideas.

"My mother would never allow me to accept anything from a man," she said, turning her eyes on me with a look of grave reproof. "I remember that one day, when we invited an English officer to a picnic, he brought some coffee with him, and a kaffee-kanne he had used in India, thinking it would be a nice little attention to pay. My mother was most angry at this. 'I cannot haf it,' she said, 'I cannot haf it that a man should keep me!'"

"Quite right, my dear," I replied, "an excellent sentiment on the part of your mother; no one could disgree with her, I am sure. But I hope you will come to the party with me, all the same. You will find plenty of other ladies there, and we are not in Austria now."

My wife consented, but unwillingly, and I noticed that there was a certain air of severity about her toilette on the occasion of the party, which was in itself a protest against her appearing at a bachelor tea.

She was always inclined to patronise English tailor-made dress (so that my feminine relations were greatly disappointed, looking for foreign fashion in vain), but on the present occasion she was more severe than usual, and in a Redfern gown with a collar up to the chin, a small flat bonnet, with a spotty veil tightly pressed over her face, she looked like the British matron personified.

We had ascended the lift, and the sound of voices and laughter quickly guided us to the door of the flat.

Bertie and Algy stood at the drawing room door, looking perfectly radiant, in long frock coats, pink ties, and enormous buttonholes; the room was crowded with ladies, most of them assuming that air of apologetic skittishness which so many women think it right to adopt at a bachelor tea.

My wife looked like a cross between the British matron and the lady in "Comus." I was just going to tell her so, when I felt her clutch my arm, and saw a look of horror on her face.

"Good heavens, Archie!" she cried, "they have asked some one who ought not to be here."

I followed the direction of her gaze, and saw a lady entering the room, followed by several young men.

She was dressed in sky-blue cloth with immense satin sleeves, and a silver band round her wasp like waist; her hair was canary yellow, and her cheeks were covered with rouge.

It is difficult for me as a mere man to say what was wrong with her dress, but there seemed to be a little too much of everything—a little too much collar, a little too much sleeve, larger revers than any one else wore, and a very much larger "bun."

She was a little louder in style than when I had seen her ten years before—a little more painted, a good deal more gray; her hair was canary-yellow instead of raven-black, and her cavaliers were much younger than they used to be—still there was no mistaking the woman—it was Mrs. Wittingham with the Waist. Her arrival seemed to brighten up the party, and the bachelor hosts looked unmistakably relieved.

"Here I am," she cried; "you see I haven't forgotten you. I've refused Lady Dick, and about fifteen other people, and I'm going to settle down for the afternoon. I've brought all my boys with me," she went on, "Ernest and Gus and Teddy—you won't mind, will you? I never go anywhere without my boys."

Three young men had followed her into the room, and three more instantly came up from various parts of it, and there was almost a fight as to which of them should take her in to tea.

Mrs. Wittingham vastly enjoyed this struggle, but she ended by putting her hand in the arm of the youngest of the group, and saying that they might all come too if they liked—it took a good many people to take her in to tea.

I followed her into the tea-room, and found her the centre of an admiring group. One young man got her her tea, and two were following with sugar and cream; another was holding her fan, and she kept them all amused and employed, just as a conjurer manages a number of glittering balls.

She would not have any cake till Archie came—he was the only person who ever found her what she liked. Gus should put in the sugar—he ought to know by this time how many lumps she took.

Mrs. Wittingham was clearly a social success, and much more popular and apparently younger than when I had seen her ten years before. I suppose she had been going on giving nice parties ever since.

"Such a wonderful woman, Mrs. Wittingham!" I heard a man murmur behind me; "she entertains so nicely, and she is so extremely chic!"

"Such a wonderful waist!" avowed the girl he was talking to; "it's the smallest waist in London. They say it is only fifteen and a half. I wish I knew how she does it!" (here followed an envious glance)

Just then the sound of a song drew us back to the drawing-room. A young girl was standing in the curve of the grand piano, one of the bachelor host was playing the accompaniment, and the other was putting in an obbligato on the guitar.

Mrs. Wittingham ensconced herself in a cosy corner at the opposite side of the room, in company with the youngest of her admirers, with an evident delight at the publicity of the situation.

She giggled and laughed and tossed her head, more especially when the tune changed to a valse refrain, and the young man beside her put his arm round her waist and pretended they were going to dance.

She caught my wife's eye at this juncture, fixed upon her with horror, and she put her finger to her lip and shook her head archly at her admirer, as who should say, "We must be careful what we do before this old thing."

"Take me away!" cried my wife under her breath; "I cannot bear to look at that Woo-man!"

"But she is very nice, my dear; I assure you she is all right. They say she gives the best parties in London. And you need not look at her unless you like."

"I must!" she said firmly. "She fascinates me. I don't know which is worse—her face or her back—and I keep on looking, that I may quite make up my mind!"

There was clearly nothing to be done but to take my wife away; so we shook off the dust of the flat from our feet (metaphorically speaking), or, in other words, we rang the bell for the lift.

* * * * * *

I have dwelt so much upon Mrs. Wittingham's appearance at this particular party, because it so happened it was the last day of her social success.

It was only the day after this that her father died, leaving her a large sum of money; and this stroke of fortune was literally Mrs. Wittingham's ruin.

The legacy carried an awkward condition in its train—she was obliged to provide a home for her unmarried sister, who was several years younger than she.

No one had ever seen this sister before; she had always lived in a far-away village in Scotland, together with her aged father.

When the usual term of seclusion had passed, we all paid our respects to Mrs. Wittingham, and found her to all appearances as cheerful as usual, with a black crepon tea-gown confined by a jet cuirass, and her hair dyed to a peculiar shade of auburn, which she thought went better with mourning than yellow.

But a few minutes' conversation showed that all was not well with Mrs. Wittingham, and the cause was not far to seek.

By the side of the fire sat her younger sister—quite an old lady with a wrinkled face and perfectly white hair, a woolly shawl round her shoulders, and a bit of knitting in her hands.

This good dame was established in the household like a ghostly fact—a ghost at the banquet, a skeleton at the feast—a milestone to mark the unmistakable progress of time.

She was a very robust person, but had quite settled down into middle aged ways. She was a little deaf, but she bore it cheerfully, saying it was what one must expect when one was fifty three.

She greatly preferred a country life, but she said she would just have to put up with London ways, and make the best of it. Mrs. Wittingham could do nothing in presence of this awful old lady; her natural vivacity fled; her youthful admirers had stood a good deal, but they could not put up with her younger sister.

Odd facts about Mrs. Wittingham were circulated about town, many of them distinctly traceable to the narratives of the terrible old lady; and one got to hear that the waist was produced through the medium of a steel cuirass, and that no one but Mr. Wittingham had got the strength to fasten it up at the back.

We heard that her chin was kept up by an iron band, concealed by the elegant neck ribbon which so greatly added to the charms of the wearer.

We heard that the "step daughters in the country" were Mrs. Wittingham's own children, and that she would not have them live in the house for fear they should add to her apparent age.

And, far from being the spoilt child-wife of a man old enough to be her grandfather (as she had always led us to believe), Mrs. Wittingham turned out to be actually several years older than he.

Facts are stubborn things, and as these terrible rumors went round, Mrs. Wittingham's popularity waned.

Her train of admirers went off, and the very young man who had sat with his arm round her waist at the bachelor party went about saying solemnly that she had grown up grandchildren.

Mrs. Wittingham's spirits failed. It was no pleasure for her to go out with an old younger sister who watched her all the time, and who would come in at the end of one of Mrs. Wittingham's little lectures about the best way to put on a cloak, with the remark that she was quite right to be careful at her age.

Mrs. Wittingham's spirit went, and she even ceased to cultivate her waist. She left off the steel cuirass, and her figure began to spread, and she ended by spending much time and money at foreign health resorts in a vain endeavor to get back her waist.

The only gainer in the matter was Mr. Wittingham, who liked to spend his evenings at home, and was delighted to find that his wife's sister was simply devoted to picquet.

Finally, Mrs. Wittingham was forgotten, and some one else reigned in her stead. For every one in society must have a reason, and Mrs. Wittingham's waist had been hers.

The Happy Expression.

BY .W T. M.

"ALL very beautiful," said the delighted Mrs. Blowsley, widow of the late lamented Mr. Blowsley, draper. She had worn her weeds the full time required by the social law, and was now rejoicing in the luxury of white, from marabout plumes to satin slippers. "All but one thing," she added.

"And what is that," asked the painter. "Is not the figure graceful?"

"Perfectly! perfectly," replied the widow.

"You have not changed your mind about the character?" said the painter.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Blowsley. "I think nothing so charming as a shepherdess. How sweetly she folds her crook! And that dove! What a happy idea! I am delighted. But, as I said, there is one fault."

"Pray, what is it, Mrs. Blowsley? If art can remedy the defect, it shall be done. Name what you think the defect."

The lady blushed and simpered as coyishly as she could, and then said, "It's in the expression, sir."

"Ah!" said the painter, fixing his keenly observing eye upon her.

"Yes," said the widow, "you have failed to get my happiest expression. Now I want that—my happiest expression. I have a peculiar reason for this; and you must do your best to catch it. Look!" said Mrs. Blowsley, making an effort to look exceedingly interesting—to put on, in fact, as she said, her happiest expression. "There; do you think you can catch that!" she said, as she tried to smile most winningly; an effort that caused her lap-dog holding attendant to assume a most laughably lugubrious countenance.

"I'll try," said the painter, taking up his palate, and giving the picture a few touches. "There; how will that do?"

Mrs. Blowsley examined the portrait attentively for some moments, shaking her head all the while.

"I think that's it, exactly," remarked the painter.

"All but the expression. You have failed there, See!" And the lady again resumed her place, and again put on her happy expression.

"Now, I'm sure you haven't caught that," she said. "You know you haven't. That's what I want. Now, do try and paint my face just as it is. I like the picture wonderfully—all but the face. And I must say, in candor, that I don't think the resemblance at all perfect."

"Indeed!" said the painter. "I thought the likeness the best part of it."

"It is no likeness at all," exclaimed Mrs. Blowsley. "The expression is very bad."

And, in truth to say, it was bad enough. Still for all that, the likeness was admirable, and of that the painter was fully aware.

He had softened and modified the lady's coarse, fat face, just as much as he felt himself justified in doing. To go a line further would be to make the picture, in I is eyes at least, ridiculous.

"Just look at this portrait," said Mrs. Blowsley, going up to the exquisitely beautiful likeness of a lady who had carried off the palm of loveliness in a large circle for two or three years

"Now, I don't like the picture at all. In fact there is nothing in it but head and shoulders. But it has the right expression; while mine, in this respect, is a shocking failure. I don't see how you could have missed so widely my true expression. You must try again."

"I will do my best to get it right," returned the accommodating painter.

Mrs. Blowsley sat down again, and looked her loveliest. As she brought her features into a smile, she felt as if the painter could only succeed in catching the expression her picture would be perfect. But, poor man! he worked upon her fat face, thick lips, double chin, and anti-Grecian nose, with but little success.

He caught her smile in every line, but it was her smile, and the picture had her expression.

He felt that it wouldn't do. He touched, he re-touched, obliterated and re-created; softening and changing from life at every new application of his pencil.

"I think that will do," he said, after he had flattered her face so much that he was in doubt whether she would not be offended.

Mrs. Blowsley again took a critical position in front of the lovely shepherdess.

"Better," she remarked, after looking for some time. "Better; but it's not exactly right yet. You've got more of my expression but not my happiest look. I must have that; and you must succeed in catching it. I'm sorry to give you so much trouble; but while we are at it, we might just as well have it right as wrong."

"Certainly—certainly," said the painter. "But, indeed, Mrs. Blowsley, I think the likeness perfect. I am almost afraid to touch it again, for fear of destroying it."

"Oh, no—no! It fails just where I said it did at first—in the expression," persisted Mrs. Blowsley.

"Now do try to be more successful. You have improved it very much. A few touches more, and you'll get it all right, I am sure. Such a face as that on a shepherdess! Why, it would frighten all the lambs away."

And, truth to say, Mrs. Blowsley was not far wrong.

As for the original, except when it put on a "happy expression," it would take even a pretty brave sheep to stand in its presence undismayed.

"Not the expression!" returned the painter, in a disappointed voice. "I am sure it is. You must permit me to judge this."

"Don't tell me!" exclaimed Mrs. Blowsley, "I think I ought to know."

The painter stood thoughtful for some moments.

"Suppose I paint out the head and try it over again?" he said. "Will you sit?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Blowsley. "Anything to get it right. I'll sit for a week, rather than disappoint my friends with such a hard face as you have given me."

"Very well," said the painter. "Come to-morrow, at this time, for a new sitting."

Mrs. Blowsley acquiesced. On the next day she came, according to appointment. After she had taken her seat, the painter took the beautiful portrait, the expression of which she had so much admired, and placed it a little behind, and at the side of her, so that he could paint from that as well as from the living sitter; and so blending the two countenances as to retain something of the features of the one, while he gave the lovely expression of the other.

No two faces could have been more unlike. One was purely Grecian in its outline, with just enough fullness to make it almost perfect; while the other was coarseness and vulgarity itself.

The painter had a hard task before him; but it was very difficulty and novelty excited him to effort.

After blending, as far as possible, the two styles of faces so opposite in outline, he commenced filling in feature after feature, and uniting beauty with positive ugliness in a way to retain as little of the latter as possible, yet not entirely destroy it.

The broad fat face was narrowed, the prominent chin thrown down, the inward sweep of the nose gently elevated, and the lips more neatly curved.

As he worked on, he became interested in his task, and curious to see how successful, in an artistic point of view, his experiment would prove.

Through three sittings of two hours' duration the painter worked with all diligence, and for an equal space of time, in the absence of the living original, he was trying to copy.

Mrs. Blowsley begged hard to see the picture during all this time; but the painter would not permit her to get a sight of it until the final touch had been given.

"I'm a little afraid of this," he said to himself, as he examined his finished work. "It's too handsome. She'll never believe it a likeness."

But the painter had not yet gone to the bottom of Mrs. Blowsley's vanity and self-esteem. The very doubt under which he was laboring showed this.

At last the lovely shepherdess was ready to be seen, and the expectant lady admitted to an examination of its merits.

She stood looking at it for some moments without speaking, while the painter, in doubt, stood by her side. He had carefully removed the true original of the picture, lest a sight of it should make manifest the novel experiment he had been trying.

"How will that do?" he at last ventured to inquire. He did not speak in a very confident tone of voice.

"Perfect!" murmured the lady.

"You think I have succeeded in the expression?" said the painter.

"To a charm. It's a wonderful likeness!" exclaimed the delighted widow.

"I was afraid I had made the face too narrow," said the painter.

"Not in the least," said Mrs. Blowsley. "It's as perfect as can be. I know you could do better than you did at the first trial. That was a shocking caricature."

The painter had seen a good deal of human weakness in his day—as what painter has not?—but this rather exceeded any previous exhibition of the kind it had been his good or ill fortune to meet.

He had modified a cast in an eye; had put a little bit of the Grecian on a most inveterate pug-nose; had raised a forehead considerably higher than in nature; had thrown a smile over features that always wore a frown; in fact, had made, at the suggestion of sitters, all manner of changes;—but never before had he taken a face of the most exquisite beauty, and so blended it with one deformed by its very vulgarity as almost to obliterate the grossness of the original. And, after all, to have the likeness called perfect.

The painter retained his gravity as best he could, while Mrs. Blowsley extolled the skill that had been so fortunate as to catch her very "happiest expression."

It seemed as if the lady could never be satisfied with looking and admiring. Then friend after friend was brought in, and all joined in pronouncing it one of the most beautiful likenesses that had ever been seen.

It is hardly a matter of surprise that such a skilful artist soon had his hands so full of work, that it was impossible to execute all his orders.

Every fat, old, and ugly acquaintance of Mrs. Blowsley, whose too natural picture graced or disgraced the walls of the family mansion, must needs have the services of a painter who knew so well how to get the true expression.

And as specimens of his "happy" art were more and more widely circulated, his fame spread, and his orders increased. He raised his terms again and again, to meet and check the influx of orders; but pictures like his were above all price.

He could flatter to the full extent of his sitter's vanity; and that, united with eminent skill as an artist,, was all he needed to make his fortune sure.

SOCIETY.—Perhaps nothing in the world receives so much criticism, just and unjust, as what we call society. Every one seems to feel privileged to throw his or her particular stone at it, and most people do it with an alacrity and an energy which do not characterize all their actions.

Sometimes it is the wholesale denunciation of the pessimist, who thinks that everything is going to ruin, and sees in society only the combined agency of the general downfall.

Sometimes it is the verdict of those who, through ignorance or fanaticism, want to break down the very principles which uphold social or political welfare, and who charge society with being the author of all the wrongs which exist in their fevered imaginations.

Sometimes it is an honest criticism of real evils which good people see and lament, and the blame of which they freely and indiscriminately lay at the door of society.

And then, again, it is the weak lamentation of some who, conscious of wrong in themselves, hasten to escape the responsibility by casting the blame somewhere else. The charitable-minded and the liberal-minded are not among any of these critics.

TRUTH.—There is seldom sufficient attention paid to certain stages of wrong-doing. Some of it is intentional and deliberate, some careless and thoughtless, some the blundering of ignorance.

In the general condemnation of the first and most culpable it is easy to forget the other stages, and to fail to recognise the easy way in which they merge into each other.

This is very manifest in the many transgressions of truthfulness in word which are prevalent among us.

From the premeditated lie, designed expressly to deceive, to the light exaggeration, or even the poorly-chosen expression which fails to convey the exact meaning, there is indeed a wide range; nor is any one wise enough to measure the degree of culpability in any special stage.

Some make the intention the only limit of criticism; but not only is it difficult to discover this in any particular case, but it is also impossible to say at what stage thoughtlessness becomes culpable, or how far ignorance might have been prevented.

EVERY human soul has the germ of some flowers within; and they would open if they could only find sunshine and fresh air to expand in. I always told you that not having enough of sunshine was what ailed the world. Make people happy and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

Scientific and Useful.

UNDER WATER.—A contrivance for producing a naked flame under water has been patented in Germany. It consists simply of a chamber, into which there is led a stream of gas and a stream of oxygen, both at such pressures as to overcome the pressure of the liquid. These streams are made to spread out by being driven against a flat surface.

FOR GOLD.—A French journal describes a new and promising substitute for gold. It is produced by alloying ninety-four parts of copper with six of antimony, the copper being first melted and the antimony afterward added. To this a quantity of magnesium carbonate is added to increase its specific gravity. The alloy is capable of being drawn out, wrought, and soldered just as gold is, and is said to take and retain as fine a polish as gold. Its cost is a quarter a pound.

NEW BORING APPARATUS.—An apparatus has been invented for determining the water level in boring holes, experimental borings, etc. This apparatus consists of a metal cylinder divided in three compartments by means of two non-conducting diaphragms. The middle compartment contains a dry electric battery, one pole of which is connected with a chattering bell. At the bottom of cylinder is a spherical float. Directly the float reaches a certain depth, the contact is closed and the bell rung, and the measurement desired is read from the measuring tape attached to the top of the apparatus with great ease and accuracy.

LIGHT.—For many years there has been no little difficulty in properly lighting factories, mills, and large shops, where good light is a necessity. Every obtainable method has been tried with different success, the light being so bright as to be dazzling, or so irregular as to cast black shadows. Of late, a new device has been experimented with, giving promise of perfect adaptability. A large number of arc lights are arranged with powerful reflectors. These throw the radiance upon the ceiling, which is painted dazzling white. The reflection more nearly resembles daylight than anything that has been tried. This idea is susceptible of many modifications, and can be utilized in many ways.

Farm and Garden.

DAIRYING.—Never guess at anything connected with dairying. Use a thermometer, weight the salt that goes into the butter, and, above all, know something of the breeding of the cows used for producing the milk.

FEATHERS.—It should be remembered that the removal of the feathers of geese is a great drain on the system, and if the most is to be made of the geese the picking should never be done while they are laying or sitting.

METHODS.—Modern demands can be met only by modern methods. The successful dairyman must be a student of his trade, and the best results will come from the practice of dairy knowledge, and not from the traditions of the fathers. The producer of poor butter can not stand against the promoters and makers of substitute compounds. There is a call for the best skill from breeding time to market day.

CARELESSNESS.—Much of the food given to animals is wasted in the careless manner in which it is handled, hay being thrown into loose racks or narrow troughs, or even on the floor of the stalls in excess of the actual requirements, a portion being trampled. A saving can also be made in grinding the grain during the winter when labor is not so high, and will consequently be more digestible.

WEARING AND RUSTING.—Every year as the threshing season begins we hear of engines exploding or of other accidents, showing lack of care on the part of the engineer. Too much care cannot be taken to secure men who are thoroughly competent, men who will understand when the engine becomes too old to be longer safe, which more often than anything else is the cause of explosions. Many steam engines rust out rather than wear out, but are even more dangerous on that account.

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On Reflective Pauses.

To lie on one's back, just out of the reach of the burning summer sun, and, looking upwards, to let the passing fleecy clouds carry one's thoughts whither they will; to sit in a deep comfortable easy-chair before the fire during those all too short moments when the declining winter's afternoon is changing itself into night, and the lamp is not yet brought to encourage one to resume activity—what more pleasing gifts has life?

It is in those moments that one sees and experiences a life in which there is nothing sordid, nothing to vex, nothing out of place. A dream? Perhaps; but who is to say which is the dream and which the reality? May it not be that the rest is the dream, though broken often by a nightmare of effort, and that these pauses, which so seldom come, are our glimpses of reality? Is not everything of which we are capable of thinking real—true to ourselves, if to no one else? And are not the recognized material facts of life often absolutely untrue, so far as some of our friends are concerned?

It may be a fact that there is boundless treasure buried beneath the spot over which you are now walking; but what is that to you when you do not know of it and could not profit by it if you did? It may be nothing but a dream that you yourself have become possessed of a fortune, and are at last able to gratify all those stored-up whims and desires you began to collect so many years ago; but it is far more real to you than the buried hoard. The dream will pass, you say. But so will life itself. We can hardly say that that is the pleasantest dream which lasts the longest.

In thinking over the phenomena of life one must almost inevitably come to this question—Which is the reality and which the dream? For there can be none so poor in imagination that he has not felt for himself this double life—the average low-level path, the occasional high-level. It would sometimes seem as though the greater part were the dream, with intervals of awakening.

With the best of us, philosophers as well as commonplace plodders, the ordinary daily life is a very mechanical affair. Thought as well as action soon becomes reflex; and the routine of a day or a week, with its pleasures thrown in along with the work, seems to be something which happens of itself without any active co-operation on our part. We can look upon ourselves as outside spectators, and we appear to be little more than the prominent characters in our own dreams. But now and again we rouse ourselves momentarily and, raising ourselves upon our elbow, take a look round.

What has disturbed the ordinary course of our dream it is impossible to say. Perhaps it has been that gazing at the clouds or into the fire as daylight fades. Perhaps it has been the reading of some book or the hearing of some chance remark. What does it matter? There is no recognized way by which these awakenings come. They have to come to us; we seem to see something which, if it be a dream, is for the moment more tangible than our ordinary experiences.

We seem to see life as a whole with a clearness which is denied to us at other times. We look round, and we can see the path we have come and the way we wish to go. The possibilities of life suddenly open to us, and we recognize our true—that is to say, our highest position in the world. We take a new or a renewed view of affairs, and are aware of the possibilities which in our routine of life we do not acknowledge.

These pauses in life we suppose are known to everybody. All experience the moments, whether awakenings or dreams, in which they seem to take a stand on a higher plane and be able to peer a little way into the mysteries of life, to understand some of those things which elude the grasp of mere systematic thought.

They are the moments when what is best in man comes uppermost and the evil disappears. To call them dreams is to asperse the highest side of our nature. To call them awakenings is to acknowledge that at other times in these long intervals between the pauses we do but dream. We have said that these moments do not lie within our reach, to be grasped whenever we will. They steal upon us unawares, and sometimes when least expected. Yet there are occasions when they seem to recur systematically. The seasons of the year to which custom has affixed an arbitrary value seldom fail to stimulate us into taking one of those looks round.

Who is there, for instance, so dead to the possibilities of existence and to his own shortcomings that what we choose to call New Year's Day gives him no pause? Who, even in advancing years, can pass the anniversary of his own birth without becoming a little bit reflective and experiencing that gift of inspiration which enables one to see with more than usual clearness what is in front, and to remember what is behind? We know unfortunately that this feeling is more intense in youth than in old age.

There are many circumstances that recall to us the heaven of our infancy, mellowed and softened perhaps by the thoughts and experiences of maturity, but the same in essentials. Sorrow and pleasure, the awakening of the emotions by music or poetry, serve to rein us up short in our mechanical dream-like wanderings through life, and make us recognize the reality of things.

Was it not Darwin who so deeply regretted that in his eagerness for scientific research he had neglected poetry and music, and had therefore missed much of the poetry of life? But how did he come to recognize this fact, and, if he recognized it at the end, why did he lose sight of it before? Simply because the scientist, like the philosopher, or like the most commonplace of mankind, becomes too soon the creature of reflex action, and runs easily along appointed lines without the power to take an all-embracing view of life. Then one of those pauses comes to him, and he is able to see those things—the heaven of his infancy—to which his eyes have been closed for so long, and he recognizes that even in a splendidly absorbing life-study he has contrived to lose sight of some of the beauties of existence.

These moments of self-revelation and of almost superhuman perspicuity, which we all know, are guests that come and go unbidden; but they are nevertheless guests that appreciate a warm welcome, and return most often to those who receive them indulgently and open-heartedly. And there is profit as well as infinite pleasure to be lost by their neglect. If any tell you that these day-dreams are a foolishness and a snare, to be discouraged and laughed away, do not believe them. They are moral stimulants as well as pleasing pictures. It would be no exaggeration to say that the man who despises them is to be as little trusted as "the man who hath no music in his soul."

To be habitually introspective is morbid and demoralizing; but never to have a quiet confidential talk with oneself, arguing and debating and trying to bring oneself to reason, is above everything a sign of decadence. And never more absolutely than in these self-confidences does one recognize the absolute truth of one's having two natures. You are quite capable, if you have not reached a certain stage of deterioration, of giving yourself sound paternal advice.

In ordinary moods you are not willing to listen thus; but maybe, when the strains of music or the cadences of verse have taken you in their velvet grip, or the wonders of science have set you thinking and speculating, you will at least be prepared to hear what you have to say to yourself. And be sure of this—there is no one in the world able to give you such sound advice as you can give yourself.

Listen well, and bow to your own wisdom; and, if you faithfully act up to these personal suggestions, you will find a wonderful improvement in your moral health and in your appreciation of life. The pauses are useless enough if you make no attempt to merge them into your routine life; but, if you are an attentive listener and a diligent scholar, you get a splendid mingling of poetry and doctrine.

EVERY rightful occupation has its just compensation to the industrious worker in the shape of well-earned money; it has also its own peculiar service of welfare to the community; but beyond both these it exerts a reactive influence for good upon the life and character of every faithful toiler. It has the power of developing every faculty of the mind, every fine moral quality. Energy, courage, fortitude, patience, perseverance, calmness, disinterestedness, magnanimity, fidelity, may all be unfolded, expanded, and strengthened through our daily ordinary labor.

JUST as a child learns to walk through many a fall, that seems only painful at the time, so we may all learn lessons and acquire powers through what appears at the time somewhat disastrous. Earnest and continuous effort is a copious source from which flow strength of body, strength of mind, and strength of character. It is a source open to all, from which new supplies may constantly be drawn.

COMPLIMENTS are the poetical touches which redeem the monotony of prosaic existence. In the intercourse of sympathetic and well-bred people they have a natural place; and it is as pleasant to recognize by word or look the graces and charms of our friends as it is to enjoy and profit by them.

HUMAN strength can be earned through human energy. It is not always a gift which Nature showers upon some and denies to others, but is often a gradual development in the progressing in accordance with the active efforts and earnest struggles which he puts forth from day to day.

I FIND the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving; to reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and some against it—but we must sail, and not drift, nor lie at anchor.

THE more apt we are to neglect small things the more we ought to fear the effects of this negligence, be watchful over ourselves, and place around us, if possible, some insurmountable barrier to this remissness.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

C. D. A.—Mother Shipton was a famous fortune teller who lived in England in the reign of Henry VIII. She may have made some successful guesses, but some at least of the prophecies attributed to her were written after the events. She is said to have foretold correctly the deaths of Cardinal Wolsey and the Earl Percy.

L. O. C.—In France, persons convicted of capital crimes are beheaded by an instrument called the guillotine. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, and in all the dependencies of the crown, the convict is hung, while in Germany beheading is the mode of execution adopted. In Austria, however, hanging is the punishment for capital offences.

D. N.—In monarchies the killing of the king, or an attempt to take his life, is treason. In England, to imagine or compass the death of the king, or of the queen consort, or of the prince, or of the heir apparent of the crown, is high treason. In America treason is confined to the actual levying of war against the United States, or an adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort.

E. L. L.—According to a very ancient tradition, the Amazons were a nation of female warriors, who allowed no men to remain among them, but marched to battle under the command of a queen. The origin of this story is perhaps to be accounted for by supposing that vague descriptions, exaggerated and embellished, had reached the Greeks of the peculiar way in which the women of various Caucasian districts lived, performing military duties which elsewhere devolved upon men.

A. H. H.—That form of polygamy which permits a woman to have more than one husband is designated by the term polyandry, or polyandria. It is principally practiced in Thibet, where a wife commonly is the wife of a whole family of brothers—the elder brother being the chief husband. In Ceylon, one or two of the South Pacific Islands, the Aleutian Islands, among the Cossacks and in several parts of Africa, this custom prevails to a great extent.

M. N.—Ladies are not compelled to devote their whole attention to, and dance only with, the gentlemen who have acted as their escorts to a ball or a dancing academy, and it is not at all likely that any well bred man would be so selfish as to expect that he could thus monopolise the lady's company to the detriment of herself and her other male friends. On the contrary, he should be only too happy to allow some one else to share the honor of acting as her partner in the dance.

W. W. B.—To gain the love of a young man who appears to think so little of you is a difficult and at the same time a most delicate undertaking. The gentle sex should never thrust themselves on gentlemen, as by so doing they injure themselves greatly in the mind of the latter. Men do not care to win a prize so easily, referring rather to pursue than be pursued. Treat the gentleman with the utmost politeness at all times, showing him those delicate attentions of which woman is the mistress, and it may be that before long he will become a suitor to your hand.

T. D.—All wind is caused, directly or indirectly, by change of temperature. Suppose the temperature of two adjacent regions to become, from any cause, unequal, the air of the warmer, being lighter, will ascend and flow over on the other, while the heavier air of the colder region will flow in below to supply its place. Thus, then, a difference in the temperature of the two regions gives rise to two currents of air—one blowing from the colder to the warmer, along the surface of the earth, and the other from the warmer to the colder, in the upper strata of the atmosphere; and these currents will continue to blow until the equilibrium is restored.

L. D. G.—Ducking for apples set afloat in a large tub of water is a time-honored Hallowe'en custom. Another source of merriment consists in hanging up a stick horizontally by a string from the ceiling and putting a candle on one end of the stick and an apple on the other. It is then made to revolve rapidly, the company in succession leaping up and snatching at the apple with their teeth (no use of the hands being allowable). It very frequently happens that the candle comes round before the person is aware of the fact, either scorching his face or anointing him with a copious coating of grease. Such misadventures naturally cause an abundance of laughter, and admirably serve the purpose of whiling away an hour or two. Acting charades on words suited to the occasion will also furnish much amusement for the assembled company, who should be supplied with an abundance of apples and nuts of all kinds.

CHRISTOPHER.—St. Christopher was a saint of the Greek and Roman Churches, and is said to have lived in the third century; his pagan name was Offerus; Offerus registered a vow to serve only the mightiest, and, deeming the emperor to be such, he entered his service; but one day he caught his majesty crossing himself, which proved to be from fear of the Satan, so he quitted his service for that of the Evil One, who was evidently mightier; after that Offerus found that Satan was afraid of the cross, and forthwith he enlisted under Christ, devoting his time to carrying pilgrims across a deep stream; one day a little child was being carried to the other side by him, but proved so heavy that Offerus, although a giant, was almost borne down by the weight; the child was Jesus, who changed the giant's name to Christopherus, meaning "Bearer of Christ"; three days afterwards—so runs the legend—he died, and was canonised.

PLOWED UNDER.

BY T. C.

I saw a field of rich, green clover grow,
  Its blossoms honey-laden for the bee;
And turning to the owner who stood by,
  I asked what time the harvesting would be.

"'Twill not be gathered in." "How then?" I cried,
  "Have you no recompense for all your toil?"
The farmer smiled—he was more wise than I—
  "I plow it under to enrich the soil."

And all at once I seemed to see more clear
  Some things that I had tried to comprehend:
Has not the heart, like that broad field, its growths,
  That never seem to reach their destined end?

Its early dreams that perish unfulfilled?
  Its youthful hopes that vanish ere their prime?
Its found affections and its tender love,
  Borne down before their perfect blossom time?

I mused on these, and as I turned my feet
  Back to the city with its swift turmoil,
I smiled and said in tranquil, sweet content:
  "God plows them under to enrich the soil."

A Broken Troth.

BY E. C.

THE time was midnight; the scene, Lady Hardy's drawing-room in Cardiff Square.

It was the grandest ball that Lady Hardy had ever given; but the occasion seemed to demand a flourish of trumpets. At a quarter to three o'clock that afternoon two Bishops and a Dean had united Eveleen Hardy to Charles Donovan Terence O'Brien, second Earl of Calcorran.

There was nobody to hand the Earl over the coals for following the dictates of his warm Irish heart, passing over all the fashionable heiresses and marrying sweet, mischievous, radiant Eveleen, penniless and naive, transported from a remote part of the Green Island, where she had grown up in wildness and unrestraint, to the captivity of a London season on straitened means and fettered by the rules of "good society." Lady Hardy had foreseen aright when she brought her wild-flower to the London market.

I, as a cousin of the family, was bidden to both wedding and ball. Perhaps the quixotic love-marriage of the wealthy young Peer was making me feel more than usually cynical as I leaned against one of the white-and-gold Corinthian columns of the drawing-room door and watched Miss Stuart going down to supper, leaning on Colonel Karslake's arm.

There seemed to be only two courses open to me—marriage with an heiress, or starvation. I had not been brought up to take kindly to starvation.

Until I was five and-twenty I was acknowledged heir to my wealthy bachelor-uncle, who brought me up, both my parents being dead. He encouraged me to idle away my time, to spend a great deal of money, and in most ways to unfit myself for the task of earning a living.

Two years before Lady Hardy's ball he married, in circumstances which it would be idle to describe. His son, a healthy and vigorous boy, made his appearance in due course; and, when I went down for the christening, I was informed that, in view of his having a family, he had just altered his will, and that, as I was remembered only by a legacy, I had better look up my profession—the Bar—and try to make it pay.

I honestly strove to bear myself with dignity in the circumstances; and with gratitude I own that people were very kind, and that my cards of invitation did not lessen perceptibly after my reverse of fortune.

But it is hard for a man to begin to realize the value of money for the first time at five-and-twenty. I had expensive tastes and expensive friends. It was bitter and irksome—I own it—to have to bring down all my aspirations to the level of dollars and cents.

Every one advised me to marry Miss Stuart. There seemed to be a singular unanimity of opinion on the subject, which annoyed me very much, for of course I knew that I should be simply annihilated if even I could bring my self-respect down low enough to propose for her two thousand a year.

I disliked Miss Stuart; she was of the statuesque type of beauty which is irritating. As she went down the staircase leaning on the Colonel's arm, I wondered if anything had ever happened or could ever happen to ruffle her front hair, crumple her dress, soil her glove, or stain her smooth pale cheeks for a moment with warm rebel blood.

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null"

—that line described her exactly.

I could never think of anything to say to her, though a dearth of conversation—of a kind—has never been considered one of my special faults. In her presence I was tongue-tied. I always felt as if I were trying to address trivial observations to a stately majestic marble goddess on a high pedestal.

My frivolous attempts to converse could never change the scarcely smiling peace of the still perfect features; I could neither please nor annoy her. I had never hoped to please her, but of late I had had a burning desire to annoy her.

I suppose I must own that I did admire her after a fashion when first we met. Such perfection of physical beauty could scarcely fail to command admiration. But set a man to make himself agreeable to the Venus of Milo! Great heavens! Give me life, warm life, however faulty, sooner than petrifying alabaster calm, torpid indifferent far-away stillness which can respond neither to love nor to hate.

I had grown to feel vindictive towards the beauty. Proved powerless to attract, I was conscious of a mad desire to wound her. What right had she to pose as beyond reach of all human emotion?

My ill-humor vanished in a smile as Flossie Duffus came up-stairs leaning on her partner's arm.

She was a pretty little brunette, with warm deep coloring. Though far from being in love, I certainly admired her; moreover, in defiance of my better judgment, I had sent her a dozen pairs of gloves on Valentine's Day, and several expressive glances from under her long soft lashes told me that she knew full well whence they came.

My waltz with her was a delightful one; but my pleasure was damped just at the end by a reference to my programme, which showed me to be engaged to Miss Stuart for the next.

I revenged myself by entering my name twice lower down on Flossie's card, she nothing loath. I lingered at her side till the strains of the band had begun again, then rose reluctantly and sauntered off to find the heiress.

She was seated on a red velvet sofa by Colonel Karslake.

"I believe this is our waltz," I said, pausing before her.

She rose at once with her unvarying well-bred calm, and, with a slight bow to her late partner, who glared savagely at me, took my arm.

The dancing-room was particularly full as we reached the door. I paused before making a start.

"Is it cool in the boudoir?" asked Miss Stuart, in a soft clear voice.

"In the boudoir? I believe so," I replied, somewhat surprised.

"If it will not disappoint you, I would rather sit down than waltz," she went on gently.

This from her was a most astonishing request. I wondered what its motive could possibly be—certainly neither fatigue, caprice, nor a desire for flirtation.

All three were foreign to her quiescent nature. I piloted my fair charge through the throng, and presently we arrived in a fragrant gloom lighted only by Chinese lanterns.

We were sole tenants of the luxurious little apartment, and, as if by mutual consent, we sat down on a cosy lounge just opposite to a picturesque little rockery with a ceaseless drip of water among some ferns.

As usual in her society, I had not the least idea what to say. I would leave the choice of a subject to her, I thought. I cared little that she should see that I took no pains to please her. She must at least perceive that I was not intent on hunting down her fortune.

She broke the silence after a while with the remark—

"What do you usually talk about, Mr. Denyer?"

"Talk about? I? When?" was my incoherent response.

"Because, whenever I see you talking to any one, I invariably wonder what it is about; you look so interested always!"

"Really," I answered hesitatingly—I was taken aback by this remark—so this silent girl noticed more than she appeared to do!—"really, Miss Stuart, I don't know. Anything that comes into my head, I suppose."

"Does nothing come into your head now?"

"Oh, yes—a great many things! If you were any one else, I should tell you how pleasant I felt it to be sitting here with you in this dreamy half-light, with the soft music of the distant waltz in our ears; but I could not tell you so."

"Why not? Because it would not be true?" She put the question placidly and coolly.

"No; because you would not believe me."

She raised her eyes to look at me, and then said, pausing a little before she spoke, which was a habit of hers—

"I have a good deal of faith—in some people."

"I envy you that," I answered. "It is certainly the hardest of the three cardinal virtues for a man who has knocked about London for the last ten years to retain."

"What—faith?"—"Yes—faith."

"Does the faith which is one of the cardinal virtues mean or rather include faith in our fellow-creatures?"

She asked the question in a slow hesitating tone. In any other girl I should have called it shyness, but with her I knew it could be only lack of interest.

I dearly love discussion, and with any one else should have been ready at one to plunge into the vexed question of faith; but I felt no inclination to do so in the circumstances.

Instead, there broke in upon me a wild desire to say or do something to startle her out of her serene calm. I never once dreamed that the result of my insane freak would be anything but my own utter rout and discomfiture, but I could not resist the impulse which had taken possession of me to find out what my placid goddess looked like when she was angry, insulted, as she must be at my insolent and totally unexpected presumption. Suddenly I looked up from the carpet at which I had been gazing and fixed my eyes on her face.

"Miss Stuart," I said, modulating my voice to a low and tender key, "I cannot answer your question; but I want to ask you another, to which you can return a straightforward answer, though whether it will take the form I wish it to do or not fate must decide."

She turned partially towards me, with a look of dreamy half attention.

"Yes—your question is——"

It was too tempting. Her utter indifference goaded me on to spring my mine under her unsuspecting feet.

"Will you be my wife?" I said calmly and incisively, with a complete pause at the end to show her that that was all I had to ask.

She turned her face to me, and her two light-gray eyes were fixed, I think for the first time, full upon mine. There was a look in them which I could not fathom, but which caused a deep red flush to mantle my guilty brow in the most idiotic fashion possible. Fiends and furies! It was she who should blush, not I!

"Why should you wish to make me your wife?" was her astonishing rejoinder.

"There is only one reason, Miss Stuart, which should induce a man to ask a woman to give herself to him." My voice faltered, and my heart throbbed so while uttering this implied perjury that my demeanor might well be construed as evidence of a warmer emotion.

There was a moment's awful pause; then, very quietly and deliberately, she removed the glove from her snow-white hand and laid her hand in mine.

Heavens, did she mean to accept me? Such an idea was never included in my wildest calculations. I turned hot and cold; I trembled.

"I believe in you," she said softly. "Such a man as you could have but one motive in asking a woman to be his wife. You are almost the only man who ever made love to me. I will marry you."

I sent up a frantic mental prayer for the earth to open and swallow me up. Every word she uttered stung me to the quick—I felt myself to be the meanest hound in existence; but it was too late to retract or attempt any explanation of my shameful conduct. I raised the cool little hand to my lips without a word.

After another minute's pause she spoke

"I asked you to bring me in here because Colonel Karslake had just proposed to me, and I had refused him. It had shaken me a little; I felt that I did not care to dance."

"And you thought I was the last man in the world likely to annoy you in the same way?"

"Yes," she answered, after her characteristic pause—"I did think so. You surprised me very much."

I thought that, if surprised, she had concealed her astonishment admirably; but, feeling it incumbent upon me to say and do something, I took both her hands, and said, with as much fervor as I could command—

"How can I thank you for the great honor you have bestowed upon me?"

"By refraining from fine speeches, for one thing," she answered, with a half-smile, "and by taking me to mamma, for another, for I am afraid it is very late."

I hesitated a moment. Should I kiss her? I was by no means an adept in the art, for I was never the kind of fellow who takes delight in kissing a pretty girl whenever he feels sentimental and she will allow it.

Moreover, I could not believe that so queenly a beauty as Miss Stuart would permit a kiss in a boudoir at a dance; so I bent on one knee, again took the hand which she had ungloved for my benefit, and kissed it respectfully.

"You have made me very happy, Miss Stuart," I said.

"I hope I shall be able to do so," she answered, rising to her feet.

I gave her my arm in silence, and together we left the dusky coolness and came out once more into the blaze of light.

"May I come and see your mother to-morrow, Miss Stuart?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered quietly; "I shall tell her all about it to-night."

"Have you considered," I asked, stopping suddenly, "what a singularly unsuitable son-in-law she will consider me? I did not mention to you just now, because I felt sure that you knew quite well what everybody knows, that I have no fortune."

"Yes—I knew it."

I held my tongue in sheer amazement, and we walked on. Mrs. Stuart was waiting for her daughter near the entrance. I handed the ladies into the carriage, bade them "Good night," and returned to the house half stupefied. What had I done? I had engaged myself to a girl for whom I cared not one jot, and who was evidently herself absolutely without heart.

Was there ever such a wooing? What girl with an atom of feeling would have accepted such a proposal as I had made? But, since she had accepted it, I must abide by the consequences of my own egregious folly.

What a Nemesis! At the beginning of the evening I had been a trifle low-spirited perhaps, but I was free; now I felt fettered. I would have given all the expectations I possessed two years ago to undo the work of the last hour.

* * * * * *

"Miss Stuart, the much-dreaded interview is over," I said, going forward and taking her hand as she entered the richly-furnished drawing-room in Abingdon Gardens a few minutes after her mother had left. "Your mother has been very good to me."

"Why should she be otherwise, Mr. Denyer? Is it an injury that you should seek to marry her daughter?"

"I am not sure that it isn't—a fellow so utterly unworthy," I said, with perfect sincerity.

She shook her head with a slightly deprecating smile.

"Sit down," I went on awkwardly; "you must be tired this morning. Sit on this sofa. May I sit by you? And yet you do not look fatigued"—as I glanced at her face, no paler than usual, and her large gray eyes, which were as clear as ever.

"I never show fatigue."

"Then you were fatigued?"

A pause.

"Yes—I was fatigued."

This was said with an air of shrinking reserve which, in the woman I loved, would have been just enough to inspire me with a delicious resolve to conquer it; but in her, cold as I knew her to be, it simply bored me. It was frightful. I took refuge in commonplaces.

She answered me as quietly as usual—told me that she preferred the country to London, and was rather tired of going abroad. She liked the theatre when the play was worth seeing—was fond of music and very fond of pictures. It was a relief to find that my future wife had some decided tastes; by gratifying them I might manage to atone in some measure for the love I could not give. At last I rose to go.

"There is no reason, is there," I asked her, "why our marriage should be deferred, Miss Stuart? Or do you dislike the thought of being married when the season is over?"

For the first time in our acquaintance she blushed deeply.

"I would rather——. If you would not object, Mr. Denyer, I should much prefer to be married at Hartland"—their country house. "I dislike London weddings."

"We will be married on the top of the great Pyramid if you like," I answered eagerly. "Your wishes are my law."

"Thank you," she said simply.

"Miss Stuart," I said, lingering, "would you mind—would it at all inconvenience you to call me by my Christian name? 'Mr. Denyer' sounds very formal."

"Certainly," she answered quietly; "but what is your name?"

"Lawrence," I answered, blushing awkwardly.

"Then, Lawrence, my name is Una. Will you use it?"

"I will; it suits you."

"Do you think so?"

"You have chosen a very poor Red-Cross Knight, Una," said I, with bitterness. "I can only hope your influence may make him worthier to be your servant."

Then I stooped and kissed her cool fair brow with feverish lips. She slipped from my arms and moved swiftly away before I had time to see if she was displeased, and I beat a shame-faced and hasty retreat.

Never in my life before had I been so miserable. My engagement was like a millstone round my neck. I was remorseful whenever I was not with my future wife, miserably bored when in her presence.

I found myself counting the days that must pass before she and Mrs. Stuart went down to Hartland to prepare for the wedding, as then I should not be expected to call every other day.

Una and I did not in the least progress towards a knowledge of each other—in fact, after the first day she was perceptibly more distant to me than before. I dined with her, rode with her, drove with her, took her to the theatre, was seen with her at balls during the short remainder of the London season; and all the time we were like chance acquaintances rather than betrothed lovers.

I loathed myself for every false word of anything like tenderness; I felt that I was a traitor each time my lips touched her cheek—the only woman's cheek, I believe, which I could have kissed without emotion.

I fancied Mrs. Stuart considered me an unsatisfactory lover; but, as for Una, whether she was happy or unhappy was impossible to divine. She acquiesced in all my suggestions; but she grew restless, and would not sit by me when we were alone.

She got up and wandered to the flower-stand or the piano; and I strove to render my sigh of relief inaudible. It could not go on.

I seemed to be going mad; I grew moody and morose, more and more conscious of the dastardly part I was playing, more and more determined to confess my baseness and obtain release.

But for courage to do it—to stand up before that queenly woman and own that for the last month I had been making a fool of her! The thought appalled me.

It must be done, however, and I determined that it should be done before they left town. I pleaded the urgent invitation of an old friend, and ran down to Brighton for a couple of days to think the matter over.

When I appeared at the table d'hote at the hotel, who should walk in with her father but poor little Flossie Duffus? She looked indescribably pretty, but pale—rather ill.

I eagerly made my way towards the pair. The sudden start, the naive blush told me the reason of poor Flossie's paleness. She thought I had treated her badly. So I had; but I was still enough of a man not to flirt with her while yet another woman's property.

I checked my eager gladness at meeting her, and conversed on the most ordinary topic. I left the hotel that night fully determined on breaking my engagement the next day. Not that I was really deeply in love with Flossie or that I saw any prospect of ever being able to marry her, but somehow the sight of her had made me feel my baseness more.

Arrived at my lodgings in London, I found a note from my fiancee awaiting me.

"My dear Lawrence," it ran—"Mamma, General Phillips, and I are going to the Lyceum to-night to see Twelfth Night again. If you have returned from Brighton and care to see the play a second time, will you come to dinner and make the fourth in our box? If you cannot come, please send word to

"Yours affectionately,

"UNA STUART."

I threw down the letter. What a note to receive from one's fiancee! It strengthened my determination.

The next morning I went to Abingdon Gardens, and sent up my card to Una, with these words pencilled on the back—

"Can you grant me an audience alone now?

"L. D."

Una never kept me waiting. She came in almost immediately, looking remarkably beautiful. I had once ventured to say that I thought she dressed in white too frequently.

On this day she wore a softly-draped morning-gown of rose-colored crepe and an antique silver belt. She came up to me quietly, as usual, and gave me her hand.

"How do you do, Lawrence? You don't look better for your change. Have you come to tell me you don't care to go to-night?"

As she spoke, she seated herself on a low chair, the sunlight falling on her golden coronet of hair. Why could I not love her? Pooh! Could a man love the Venus de' Medici?

"No, Una. I have come to make you a confession."

She suddenly raised her large eyes to me with a look in them I had never seen before—a look of frightened appeal.

"Yes?" she said a little hurriedly.

"I have come to tell you that the man you have promised to marry is the meanest creature in this world of meanness—to tell you what will make you shrink from me with horror and detestation."

"No, Lawrence, no"—the words seemed to come without her own will—"nothing could make me detest you."

My heart seemed to stand still.

"Yes," I answered passionately, flinging off the momentary impression, "it will make you detest me; and, by Heaven, I would rather have hate and scorn than the icy coldness with which you treat me!"

"Lawrence!"

She put down her right hand, resting it firmly on the seat of the chair beside her, and, raising her left, she held it close to her heart.

"Listen," I said—"and forgive me if a moment ago I forgot myself! My proper place is in the dust at your feet. But at least you cannot estimate me lower than I estimate myself. I am not worthy to be in the same room with you, much less to dare to address you as I did just now!

"Hear my confession! I do not love you! I have never loved you in the least! During all these dreadful weeks I have been acting a lie to you; and I have come to release you from the promise you gave me when you believed me to be an honest man!"

I had always thought her pale, but during my brutal speech she turned almost as white as alabaster. I never saw such a look of pain on the features of any human creature. She fixed her haunting eyes on my face, as a victim might gaze upon his torturer, in the forlorn hope of finding some mercy there.

"So that is what it meant!" she said at last, as one who has received an answer final and crushing to a cruel doubt. "Oh, Lawrence, why could you not have told me that before? What wrong have I done you that you should make me suffer so?"

"I did not tell you because I dared not," I returned, in muffled tones. The situation was too horrible, so different from, so infinitely worse than anything I had imagined possible. I had expected icy coldness, majestic statuesque contempt, perhaps a flash of scathing sarcasm; but that she should break down—— I turned dizzy and faint.

"You can never forgive such a wrong as I have done you," I went on, struggling for composure. "You trusted me; I have betrayed your trust. You thought me an honorable man; I have shown myself an utter scoundrel. Can you wonder that I shrank from tearing the veil from your eyes?"

"It is I who have been blind from the first," she broke in suddenly, rising and crossing the room to the mantelpiece. "Why could I never see what is so plain now? I thought you reserved or diffident; I thought that as we came to know each other better you might show me more of your noble——. Lawrence Denyer, what motive, if not love, could you have had in asking me to be your wife?"

"It was not a mercenary one—that is all I ask you to believe," I returned, standing before her like a criminal under the lash. "My coming here to cancel the engagement will show you that."

"Then what was it?" she asked, pulling back her golden hair from her temples with her white feverish hands. "Did you"—she advanced suddenly and paused before me, her clenched hands down at her sides—"did you do it to humiliate me?"

I folded my arms and stood before her, my head bent. Had my life depended on it, I could not have uttered a word at that moment.

"Then it is true?" she asked, with a wail in her voice which seemed to enter my very soul. "You exercised your wonderful powers of fascination over me, just to see to what point you could lead me, how low you could lay my pride, how deeply you could humble and degrade me. Then, for your complete satisfaction and because I care nothing now what I say or do, I will tell you that you have succeeded perfectly—my degradation is complete; you have broken my heart!"

She wandered back to the mantelpiece and, leaning against the marble, buried her face in her hands.

I stood motionless, hardly able to credit the evidence of my senses. Una Stuart had a heart, and that heart was mine. The clock ticked on for some seconds; then she turned her head half towards me, and said, in her own clear quiet tones—

"Will you go away now, please?"

I rose and advanced a step nearer. A rigid white hand was at once held out to keep me back.

"Una," I said, "let me say this to you. I little knew with what manner of woman I had to deal when I grossly insulted you by the offer of my hand. I thought you were very proud, very cold, and entirely heartless.

"To-day you have shown me for the first time what you are; and, for your satisfaction, I may tell you that my humiliation is rendered far more bitter by the knowledge of what might have been mine. Una," I pleaded, my voice shaken and husky, "I have no right to ask it—no right to ask anything of the woman I have injured so deeply—but give me your hand, if but for one moment, in token that one day perhaps, when you are some lucky fellow's happy wife and have almost forgotten the man who so wronged you, you may forgive me!"

She raised her hand slowly, still keeping her face hidden. For an instant the small warm fingers trembled in my clasp. How blind I had been! I could feel now by the touch of that hand that she loved me. What for? Heaven only knew. Bad as I was at my best, I had certainly shown my worst side to this woman who loved me.

"Heaven bless you!" I said hopelessly. "And, as you are strong and noble, and I weak and erring, be pitiful to me!"

As she withdrew her hand from mine, she murmured, with her face still hidden—

"You will leave London at once?"

"I will. Of course you will let it be understood that it was by you, not me, that the engagement was broken."

I lingered yet an instant, but she made another more imperative motion with her hand. I could only leave her, departing from the room where I had never spent a happy moment since first I entered it.

Comedy and tragedy! My farce had ended tragically enough. Well, I was free at last!

* * * * * *

Why did not my newly-found freedom bring me happiness? I asked myself this question as I leaned by moonlight over the bulwarks of the Calais-Douvres. From the silver waters a pale face looked reproachfully at me.

"No, Lawrence—no—nothing would ever make me detest you." The same face, but full of passion, excited, quivering with emotion, confronted me as I walked along the Boulevards, as I watched the sun rise over the Rigi, as I climbed the glacier at Zermatt. "You have broken my heart!"

The whole truth burst upon me in the Coliseum at Rome. I was alone. It was a cloudless day. I had carried my dreary heart-ache up to one of the highest tiers of the grand ruin.

A pale starry golden flower was growing in a cleft of the stone near me. Somehow it reminded me of Una. Standing up and reaching as far as my arm would go, I managed to pluck it; and, when, moved by a sudden impulse, I raised it to my lips, I inhaled a faint delicate perfume. I placed my arms upon the rocky slab and dropped my head upon them.

"Una," I cried, "you are bitterly avenged; now that it is too late, I realise the truth. I love you, my own darling—I love you!"

Somehow, after that, in spite of my bitter sadness, the burden on my heart seemed lightened. I placed my Roman blossom in my pocket-book and descended.

I left Rome that night. I was seized with a wild desire to know at least what Miss Stuart was doing; and I determined to return to London.

When I reached the metropolis, I found a letter just arrived from my cousin Lady Hardy, saying that they had taken a pretty cottage near the New Forest for the autumn, and inviting me to come down and stay with them as long as I cared to stay.

What made my heart leap and my pulses thrill as I read the invitation? Only that I knew that Stillwater Lodge was not a mile from Hartland, where it was possible a certain golden-haired stately maiden might be at that moment.

The next day I traveled down to Hampshire.

It was a glorious September evening as I walked up to the house. I was passing along a road close to a high wall which evidently concealed the kitchen garden of Stillwater Lodge.

In this wall was a Gothic doorway, and, as I approached, laughing voices were audible, and two girls, opening the door, stepped into the road immediately in front of me. One was my cousin Gladys, the other Una Stuart.

Shame and gladness struggled together in my heart. The first thought was—"I see her again, and she is far, far more beautiful than I dreamed." The second—"I have broken my promise and intruded upon her presence."

She turned pale. I had learned to know that she scarcely ever blushed, however deeply moved. We took each other's hands in formal greeting; and I was glad that my cousin's demonstrative welcome covered my intense confusion.

"Aw—by Jove—that's never you, Denyer? I thought you were on the Continent.

I turned sharply round. Colonel Karslake had come out of the gate from which the ladies had emerged. He carried a tennis-racket, and appeared much at his ease.

"You have come just in the nick of time," he was kind enough to inform me. "We have all been down in the meadows practising for the tournament to-morrow. Miss Stuart does me the honor to be my partner. I think, Miss Stuart, you and I are bound to win."

"The mischief you do!" was my inward comment.

I glanced at Una. Her sweet face wore a dreamy far-off look.

"You are sanguine, Colonel Karslake," was all she said.

At that moment her pony-carriage came up the lane.

"Are you so cruel as to insist upon not staying to dine?" asked the Colonel, in low persuasive tones.

"I cannot stay, thank you."

"You will be in good time to-morrow?" he continued, as he arranged the carriage-rug. "At half-past two o'clock sharp the players are to assemble. I have set my heart on your winning that little golden racket."

"I assure you I have not set my heart upon it."

"No? To-morrow you will be all enthusiasm."

"Shall I? Good-night, Gladys! Good night—Mr. Denyer!"

I approached the carriage. The Colonel fell back a couple of inches and eyed me with scarcely-concealed amusement. Of course every one knew that the heiress had jilted me.

I took her hand and raised my eyes to her face. She was looking at me, but her gaze fell before mine. I was suddenly fired with a desperate resolve.

"Au revoir, Miss Stuart!" I said pointedly, and the carriage rolled away.

"Gladys," said I abruptly, as my cousin and I strolled up to the house, leaving the Colonel to return to his tennis, "is Miss Stuart engaged to Colonel Karslake?"

"No, not yet, but every one says she soon will be. What did you and she quarrel about, Lawrence?"

"Little girls shouldn't ask questions," said I, with becoming severity.

Stillwater Lodge was full of visitors, and dinner was to me a long dreary meal. Every one was in wild spirits; the guests had a thousand and one little jokes which I could not understand.

It was past nine o'clock when at length they adjourned en masse to the drawing-room to dance; and I, without saying a word to any one, stepped out into the night. I forgot even to put my hat on.

I walked straight down across the water-meadows, the dew wetting my lightly-shod feet and making my hair feel damp and heavy. Did I not know the way to Hartland Park? It seemed as though a pale face framed in golden hair was beckoning me on.

I jumped the fence which divided the park from the garden and advanced across the lawn. There was an oak-panelled sitting-room at one end of the house in which Una loved to sit when alone. Had the gods been propitious and sent her there to-night? Yes!

As I approached, there reached my ear a plaintive strain of Schubert, and a flood of lamplight fell from the open window upon the velvety turf. I advanced as guiltily as a thief, and stood in the shadow just outside the casement.

She was quite alone. She sat at the grand piano, her hands straying over the keys, her profile raised, her sweet thoughts far away. In a minute her playing ceased, and, like one lost in dreaming, she dropped her head upon her hand. In a voice which the excited beating of my heart rendered unnatural I said softly—

"Una!"

With a violent start, she rose and looked round; but I was invisible where I stood.

"No," she said, in a low tone—"it is nothing. How often before I have thought I heard him call me!"

"It is not a delusion this time, Una."

Stepping into the room, I stood before her in my evening-dress, bare-headed and pale.

In one moment she had collected herself with the marvellous power of self-control which she possessed, and stood before me once the statue in my folly and blind dumb ignorance I had thought was marble.

My Galatea had come to life now. Once for a moment she had shown me her warm quivering heart. Did she now imagine she could delude me again into the belief that she was passionless?

"Mr. Denyer, may I ask the reason of this intrusion?"

"I came," I began, and paused.

She stood as still and silent as in the days of our betrothal; but now I knew that a storm of outraged love and pride raged beneath the fair calm exterior. At last I possessed the key of her strange nature. Could I surrender my power over her?

My words were almost a cry.

"Don't send me away!" I said. "I came because I couldn't help myself, because I cannot rest, because I have something to tell you which you must hear!"

"You have taken a strange liberty," she said icily. Her voice was perfectly controlled. "Is it the action of a gentleman to intrude on a lady's privacy like this? I must ask you to leave the room at once!"

"It was the action of a man driven desperate!" I replied. "Let me stay one minute; it will scarcely take one minute to tell you what I have come to say. It was wrong, unwarrantable, disgraceful to present myself here after the terrible wrong done, the insult I offered you——"

"Yes—the insult," she broke in, with the same deadly quiet. "You promised me to keep away; but the breaking of a promise weighs lightly with you. I might have expected it."

"Say what you please; you have a right to punish me," I said. "I went away—I tried to keep away—I vow to you that I tried to obey you—but I was driven back to the place where I had left my heart—to you."

She laughed a short cold laugh. I went on recklessly.

"Revenge is dear to all women. I came here to-night to give you yours—to tell you that from the moment I knew I had lost you I knew also that I loved you. I love you, Una—I love you as I never thought men could love nowadays! Now put your foot on my heart and stamp the life out of it!"

I was excited, vehement. As I ended, she drew back with a little cry; but in a moment she had recovered herself and raised her white face to mine. There was evidently a scornful word on her lips, but, as our eyes met, it died away. She tried for speech, faltered, failed, turned away. There was a moment's stillness; then I heard her voice.

"It is too late now."

"Too late!" I echoed drearily. "Yes—that's my sentence! I killed your love for me—it is dead; mine for you cannot die—it will be lifelong, like my repentance. I am going now. I have given you your revenge; you will be able one day to tell Karslake all about it."

She turned at that.

"Colonel Karslake?"

"So I was told," I said, with a slight bow. "Good night!"

She came a step nearer, her lips just parted, her hands outstretched. Madly I took her hands and held them against my heart. I remembered with wonder how unmoved I used to be at her touch; now the ecstasy of it almost unmanned me. Caution, prudence, past, present were forgotten.

"Una," I said breathlessly, "my love, speak. Look me in the face and say, 'Lawrence, I love you no longer.' Say it—say it if you can. I dare you to say it!"

She was absolutely white now; but the flame of woman's pride was in her glorious eyes.

I saw that she would have said it, but she could not while I held those captive hands.

She made two unavailing efforts to wrench them away. Twice she strove for a composed voice; it came not at her call. At last she trembled!

We were near the open window. In the hush I could hear every rustle of the trees as the night breeze sighed among them. The silence was intense; the strain on my nerves was intense too.

The veins stood out on my forehead as if I were wrestling for physical mastery; it was as though she could not take her eyes from mine.

Slowly I released the little hands, and they fell at her sides; in the breathless pause I pronounced her name.

It seemed as though, without touch or movement, I was exercising some subtle influence over her.

Gradually, very gradually, the slender form leaned towards me, her head drooped nearer, nearer, till, with a whispered "Lawrence!" she lay close to my heart and my arms round her.

"Do you believe it now?" I whispered. "Do you know that I love you?"

For answer she raised her lips to mine; and in that sweetest of summer nights we two re-plighted our broken troth.

A SPANISH CAFÉ-CHANTANT.

THERE are few Cafés Chantants in Madrid, says a writer, and they are all bad. Yet they are true Café-Chantants, and not gorgeous and oppressive music halls. The Café del Pez is in the workmen's quarter.

At the square tables arranged on the dingy floor, the workmen, and occasionally workwomen, are sitting smoking cigarettes, imbibing very crude wines or coffee, and gossiping gravely.

On the stage—a narrow affair, raised just above the floor—a company of dancers appear, one man playing a viol, another a guitar, three young women, one of extraordinary beauty, also a couple of very small girls (sisters), and a couple of boys. All are in the costume appropriate to the dance, the young women wearing mantillas and a sort of polonaise, and the little girls the gay Sevillian attire.

One of the little girls dances first, with one of the little boys, a cachuca. What lively flings, what dramatic gestures, what fire in the movements, while the audience remained almost impassable, smiling gravely! The youngsters seemed to dance by instinct.

Applause!—during which the unconcerned and innocent little Sevillienne pulled up her stocking and readjusted her garter. Then the young women danced in succession.

The first of them was dark as a Moor; and looking at the dance, listening to the sharp pitched din of the music, and the tom-tom-like beating of the little drum, and gazing round at the types sitting at the tables, I could realise the force of the proverb, "Africa begins at the Pyrenees."

The Moors have left their traces in the swarthy complexions, the grim mouth, the suggestion of sauvagerie that seems to lower beneath the Spaniard's grave visage.

Also in the dramatic dances, with their pantomime of coquetry, and in the slow, voluptuous, sweeping movements, whose only burden once again is love, and in the sharp pitch of the songs, and in the tom-tom beating, and in the castanet-cracking.

Only the Turks and the Moors possess in common with the Spaniards the rolling supple motions of the body, as well as the fire and energy of that dumb eloquence. A Spanish dance is a drama, a poem.

The Moorish blood has improved the stock, and in Cordova and Granada especially the finest women in Spain may be found.

And Carmen Garcia was a gem among beauties.

Carmen rose to dance. The dance of Carmen was a slow Oriental dance—languorous, voluptuous, a dance not of the feet or legs only, but of the whole body.

And as the dance progressed the undulations of her body deepened, the sinuous movements enveloped her whole form, acquired more force and power.

Her dance was received with a silence which was more expressive than the applause that had greeted the lively and dashing steps of the others.

Carmen's costume consisted of a mantilla on the shoulders, a robe covered with a kind of open worked polonaise dotted with black balls, which beat lightly as she danced, and white satin shoes.

Her hair was done in an elaborate coiffure—dark brown, rich thick hair, rolled and coiled, and drawn up high behind.

Her features were regular, all good; the eyes deep and black and lustrous; and the whole countenance at once restful, calm, and full of the possibilities of fire, animation, and passion.

One had time to observe all these matters as Carmen danced; but now the dance increased in vigor—or, perhaps one should say, in intensity—the movements became a little more complicated, the swaying and bending of the body less reserved, the feet moved more freely, and finally, with a bold and dramatic finish, the dance came to a sudden end.

Afterward I invited Carmen and her two young friends to have a cup of coffee at my table. They did so. Also several copitas of crude wines and many cigarettes.

Carmen smoked and drank, and spat on the floor in the calmest manner in the world, reposeful and content, yet giving intimations of fire, of animation, and of passion.

She was from Seville, she told me, where it was a sort of natural right of the ladies to be very good-looking. She was content, but not unduly proud. And she asked for another copita, and spat calmly on the floor.

HER CONQUESTS.—She was a young woman in London for the season, and was very fond of narrating her conquests and speaking of her powers over men. He was a bachelor with a heart of stone and a cheek of cast-iron. They were talking of love and matrimony and cognate subjects.

"I've been engaged six weeks, Mr. X.," with refreshing candor, in view of the fact that the announcement had appeared in the society news the next day after the proposal.

"Ah!" he said, with a rosebud smile wreathed around an interrogation point; "how charming."

"Delightful, Mr. X.," she continued, radiantly; "he was an old friend of our family, and he was so persistent. How long do you think I kept the poor, dear fellow waiting for his answer?" and she giggled a real swell giggle.

"Um—um," he cogitated, as if calculating an equation of time, "um—well, I should say about a minute and a half, possibly two minutes."

There was an abrupt termination to the conversation, and the brute was left alone in the alcove where they had been talking.

WAS MAN AN AMPHIBIAN?—Man was said to have descended from a good many types, by different inquiries into ancient history, some going for monkeys or apes, and others for various species of animal life; but some curious cases of hereditary webbed hands and feet in human beings seem to show that our ancestors may have been amphibian.

An instance of this kind of hereditary peculiarity has been reported by Doctors W. R. Smith and J. N. Norwell, in the case of a family, nearly all the members of which were affected by a malformation of hands and feet.

In the subjects examined by those gentlemen, the second and third fingers were webbed to the tip, and the bones were disposed in an extraordinary manner.

Each foot had six toes, all more or less webbed, except the fourth, which was comparatively free.

These peculiarities have persisted through several generations, and it was found that twenty-one persons out of twenty eight had been malformed in this way, and in all cases in both hands and feet.

THE SCARLET ROBES.—It is a singular fact that for now nearly three centuries the cardinals' robes have been furnished by a Protestant firm in Burtscheid, near Aix-la-Chapelle. This firm, Johann Brücken's Sons—the present head of which is the Privy Councillor of Commerce, Oscar Kreusen—is the sole possessor of a peculiar process for manufacturing and dyeing this special quality of red cloth. It has, in fact the monopoly of this Cardinal cloth, and is probably the oldest "Court-purveyor" of the Vatican.

At Home and Abroad.

Paris proposes to put an end to the complaint that a policeman can never be found by establishing seventy police kiosks in different parts of the city. A policeman will be always on duty there, who will communicate with the nearest station by telephone, and at night will have another policeman with him to send out at once in case of need.

There is a very old herbarium at Padua, which city boasts of possessing the oldest botanical garden in Europe, but the oldest and most curious herbarium in the world is in Cairo. It is in the Egyptian museum and contains crowns, wreaths, as well as bouquets and garlands of flowers taken from the tombs of the Pyramids and other places. All the flowers are in excellent preservation and have been identified by botanists in spite of the fact that they are about 3 000 years old.

The village of Nasso in Sweden has a contingent of one hundred and fifty women in its fire brigade. The waterworks of the village are primitive, consisting of four huge tubs, which it is the duty of these "firewomen" to keep full during the progress of a fire. Whilst their men colleagues are pouring water upon the flames, they stand in two long lines between the tubs and an adjacent lake, one line passing up buckets full of water and the other passing them back.

At Blenheim, the home of the Duchess of Marlborough—where there are twenty staircases leading from the main floor to the second—the arrangement of the rooms is so complicated that people can visit for weeks without ever meeting each other except at dinner. It is said that a former duke, famed for hospitality, was sometimes imposed upon by scapegraces of good family, who would put up at Blenheim for weeks at a time, dining, using the horses in the stable, and occupying with their valets good suits of rooms, and all without the master's knowledge.

The Saturday Review gives a "tip" concerning the titles of the Viceroy. It remarks: "As some confusion occasionally betrays itself on the subject of Li Hung Chang's style and titles, it may be worth noting that he has the rank of Ambassador, but bears letters of introduction only to the sovereigns of the several courts he is visiting, without any special mission. The Chinese, reversing our custom in this as in so many other respects, put the surname first. Li Hung Chang, therefore, is equivalent to Smith Henry James. Li Chung Tang, as he is often called, means Grand Secretary Li. In the days of the Taeping rebellion he was known familiarly as Li Futai—Futai means 'Governor' of the province of Kiangan, which was then his rank. Sometimes he is spoken of as Li Han-lin, in reference to his membership of the Han-lin College, which comprises the cream of literary talent and rank."

Only sixty years have passed since the boys of Eton ventured to beg that pipes might be laid in some of the school buildings so that they need not fetch water from the pumps in the freezing winter weather, and the petition was promptly rejected, with the scornful comment that "they would be wanting gas and Turkey carpets next!" At Winchester, another big English school, all the lads had to wash in an open yard called "Moab," where half a dozen tubs were ranged around the wall, and it was the duty of one of the juniors to go from tub to tub on frosty mornings and thaw the ice with a candle. Comfort was deemed a bad thing for boys, lest they should grow up dainty and unmanly. "Cold!" said Dr. Keate, a famous head master of Eton to a poor little bit of humanity whom he met shivering and shaking in the hall. "Don't talk to me of being cold! You must learn to bear it, sir! You are not at a girls' school!"

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Our Young Folks.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

BY S. P.

TOM SPENCE had got his first new jacket and waistcoat. Of course, he had worn jackets before, but they had always been somebody else's cast-offs, and either a great deal too big or a great deal too small for him; besides, not one of them had ever included a waistcoat; and everybody knows what a difference that makes in one's appearance.

Little wonder that Tom took the longest way round to business that morning; he pulled down the cuffs, and settled the collar, and admired himself in every shop window. Altogether, Tom would have been a proud and happy boy that day but for Jack Hollows.

Jack was the other message boy at the big public laundry. The pair had to carry water, coals, or baskets of linen, to turn the mangles, or anything else that might be required; and somehow, Tom's messages had a trick of getting mixed up and delivered to the wrong people, his waterpails tipped over, his fires broke down and went out twice as often as Jack's, and then Mr. Watson, the manager, made very unpleasant comparisons.

"He never thinks Jack can do anything wrong; but I don't care about fellows who are always setting good examples," grumbled Tom to a couple of acquaintances at the side gate, where he was supposed to be sweeping up the gravel. "Jack ought to be taken down a peg; and I'm going to do it."

"How?" said his friends.

"Well, I don't exactly know," owned Tom reluctantly, "but I'll find out some way. There's twice this very morning I've been scolded for next to nothing, and I'm tired of hearing 'Why don't you copy Jack Hollows?' continually. Something's got to be done!"

"Give him a good fright," suggested a big dark lad—Will Hopkins by name. "He used to be a regular little coward at school; why, he wouldn't even set off a jumping cracker, for fear of burning his fingers."

"All right," cried Tom. "I'll find something to make him jump before he's a week older, see if I don't."

Tom shouldered his broom and marched back to the machine room, where he stood staring thoughtfully at the flying wheels till Mr. Watson chanced to come by and caught him.

"Now, Tom, can you find nothing to do but air your new jacket in here? Take those parcels down to the van; or, stay—look in the shed first. I left my knife there; it will be on the window ledge I fancy."

The shed was a low building across the yard, where soap, and soda, and other interesting items were stored away.

Tom gave a dissatisfied sniff at the various odors, as he picked his way between the boxes to the window. The knife was there; as he picked it up, his eye fell on a small keg in the far corner.

"I do believe that's gunpowder," he said, half aloud. "I'll take a look at it, while I've got the chance. What a splendid fuse I could make with all that! It would frighten the whole place into fits! Hurrah! I know what I'll do. What a good thing old Watson lost his knife."

Without an instant's hesitation Tom ladled out a couple of handfuls into his jacket pocket, put down the lid, and raced back across the yard with the knife. Mr. Watson took it from him impatiently.

"What kept you all this time? Jack Hollows would have found it long since."

Tom perched himself on the water-tank by the window, and ate his dinner quite cheerfully while he concocted his plan. It was to be no common every day piece of mischief this time, but something really worth doing.

"Will—Will Hopkins!" he cried, suddenly catching a glimpse of a friend in the narrow street, and throwing up the window to signal to him—"Come here a minute. I want to speak to you!"

"Well, what's the matter now?"

"I've found out a splendid way of squaring up Jack Hollows; I've got a nice little trap all ready for him."

"What is it?"

"Look here." Tom cautiously lifted the flap of his jacket pocket, and exhibited the contents. "That's gunpowder, my boy—real gunpowder!"

"Pooh! that's not a great deal."

"Plenty to make Jack jump higher than any cracker he ever saw. He's got to carry down the baskets of clean things into the packing room before tea-time, and I'm going to lay it all along the top step, and prop up a match behind a tin can. It's to go off just as he goes down with the biggest basket, and—well, I wouldn't give much for the clean collars after they've been fished out of the puddles at the bottom."

The afternoon wore on slowly—very slowly; Tom's hand strayed into that jacket pocket many times. He had a box of matches ready, and now and then, when he was out of sight and sound, he could not resist the temptation to fire up a few grains for his own amusement—not too many, for there was little hope of any second message to the store shed—that was a bright episode, scarcely likely to occur again for a season.

Tea-time came at last.

"Jack, Jack! Come up for the baskets!" called one of the ironers, opening the door at the top of the steps. "They will be ready in one minute!" And up went Jack, three steps at a time, and vanished inside.

Now was the hour. Tom whisked up after him, four steps at a time, and began to spread out the precious grains on the top step but one.

At that same moment, just as fate would have it, out of the machine room came Mr. Watson, and glanced up at Tom's startled face.

"What are you doing? Have you lost anything?" he called up.

"No, sir," answered Tom, in a curiously subdued voice. He was scraping up the powder into his pocket again with all possible speed, and, of course, the matches got in the way, and—and he was never very clear how it came about—there was a sudden flash, a report, and a puff of white smoke, and then Tom was lying down among the puddles at the bottom, not quite sure whether he was dead or alive.

"It's that gunpowder keg, I'm thinking," said one of the workmen. "Trust a laddie for finding it, if there's an ounce about the place."

Light broke in upon the manager.

"I see now; so that was what kept him in the store-shed this morning. Well, the lad has punished himself this time—and pretty severely, too."

A BRAVE LITTLE GOOSE-GIRL.

BY F. I.

"THEY'RE rightly named geese!" exclaimed little Marie. "There was never anything so silly and so tiresome in all the world! Shoo! shoo! Will you go the right way now?"

And Marie, picking up her skirts, made herself as alarming as possible, and drove the unwilling geese on in front of her, towards the marshy meadow by the brook.

Now the geese would much rather have halted by the way, and stayed to feed in Farmer Schmidt's inviting looking crops. But that, of course, was strictly forbidden, and Farmer Schmidt was a stern, hard man who had threatened all sorts of things to Marie's mother, a poor widow, if he found her geese trespassing.

So Marie was terribly afraid of the farmer, and most anxious also not to worry for her poor mother. For was not mother very sad, and crying most days, with her only son—her stay, her help, taken for a soldier and now shut up in Metz, besieged by the cruel Prussians, and perhaps starved to death, if not killed.

But the geese, silly things! knew none of these things. They had no fear of Farmer Schmidt before their eyes, and poor Marie had much ado to drive them to the meadow every morning, and keep them there all day.

It was dull, hot work, and the wood above the meadow was cool and inviting-looking, and Marie used to take her dinner in there and eat it under a tree.

One day, having seen that old Greybeard, the gander, who was the ringleader in all the mischief of the whole flock, was safely engaged eating by the brook, Marie ventured to explore the wood a little further. Perhaps she might come upon a deer—there were some in the forest.

The wood was silent and lonely enough, hardly a bird moving, when suddenly, turning into a little hollow, Marie came with a start upon a dreadful discovery—one of the blue-coated, dreaded Prussian soldiers asleep under a tree.

The scream she gave woke him up, equally startled. He sprang at her and seized her. Marie saw the gleam of a knife, and thought he was going to kill her.

Beseechingly, she looked up into his face. The soldier dropped his hand, and gazed at her, not unkindly.

"Just my little sister Johanna! No, I can't hurt you! But swear, child, you will not tell a soul you have seen me here, or they will kill me!"

Marie promised. She was so frightened she would have promised anything.

"And you have something to eat?" he asked, eyeing her wallet hungrily.

"Not much," she replied; "we don't get much now Jean has been taken away. But take what you like," she added.

"I am starving," replied the Prussian; "I have had nothing to eat but roots since I escaped from the French camp two days ago. But we will share, little one."

The two sat down under a tree and discussed their modest meal, and before it was finished Marie had quite got over her fright, and the two were friends. The Prussian told her of his little sister Johanna, far away over the Rhine, and she told him of poor brother Jean, a prisoner still.

Time flew by, till Marie suddenly recollected her flock. Promising to come again on the morrow, and bring the poor Prussian some more food, she hurried away down to the meadow.

But—horror! there was not the tail-feather of a goose to be seen. Taking a mean advantage of her absence, Greybeard led his wives off to a pleasant feast in Farmer Schmidt's crops!

Frightened and foreboding, she drove them home again as the evening shadows fell. Not a word could she breathe to her mother of the disaster for fear of mentioning the Prussian, and after eating a double share of supper, went off to bed to dream dreadful dreams of the angry farmer.

Next morning off she went again. At noon she found the Prussian in the place, as on the two preceding days.

"Your the best little girl in the world!" he exclaimed joyfully, as she held out her basket of provisions. "If I can get back to my regiment alive, it will be thanks to you!"

"Ah! if only some one should do the same for my brother, and send him back to us!" sighed poor Marie.

As they sat over their dinner, she unburdened her mind to him about the terrible Farmer Schmidt, and said she must not stay long.

"Oh! you mustn't suffer on my account," remarked the Prussian; "and I'll come with you into the meadow, if no one is about, and help you keep the geese in order."

Next day she ventured to steal a moment from her flock to run to the Prussian's hiding place. But he was gone!

Whether he was captured or had escaped, Marie could not tell. She never saw him again in the wood.

A few weeks after she lay ill in bed with a fever. The kind old priest had sent her a fowl, and mother was making a delicious soup for her which smelt so good.

Suddenly the whole village was in a turmoil. A Prussian regiment came marching through, and halted for dinner, entered all the houses and requisitioned food. A corporal and three men entered the widow's home.

"Ho! ho!" said the corporal, advancing, sniffing, towards the pot on the fire. "Here's something good!"

A cry from the bed made him look that way.

"Marie!" he exclaimed, "and ill? No, my men, we mustn't touch this soup! To the little girl yonder I owe my safety, if not my life." And turning to Marie's astonished mother, he sat down and told her all the story.

"I did it for Jean's sake!" cried Marie, not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

"And you have been rewarded, lit le one. Metz has fallen, it is true, but there is to be an exchange of prisoners, and your Jean will be free on condition he does not bear arms again during the war, for which I don't suppose you will be sorry!"

At this good news the widow in her joy set before the Prussians the best she could give, and they paid for every crumb and drop, full value, you may be sure; and Marie was quite sorry when the bugle sounded, and they had to say good-bye.

"I hope you'll get safe back to your little Johanna," she said.

The corporal shook his head. "There's much to be done before that," said he.

IF language is the expression of thought, then the speaker must see to it that he has thought to express. The vacant mint and the frivolous character may indulge in many words and continual talk, but can never originate fine language, for the very first elements are lacking. What is not worth thinking or feeling can clothe itself only in language not worth hearing.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

One of the most valuable disinfectants is pure water, fresh and cold.

The water melon grows wild all over Africa. Grown in Egypt B.C. 2000.

A heated diamond thrown into liquid oxygen will burn with a steady flame.

In small hotels in Russia each guest is expected to bring his own bed-clothing.

Carpets were used in Nineveh and Babylon, as shown in paintings, B C. 1700.

In New South Wales one-third, and in Queensland one-fourth of the population, are Irish.

During the last five years 175,000 monkey skins have been annually exported from the Gold Coast.

It requires on an average of more than $100,000 a day to pay for the cotton brought into Augusta.

There are about two hundred wealthy gentlemen and ladies in England who keep wild animals like lions and panthers as pets.

The police quarters on Mulberry street, New York, are overrun with white rats. The albino rodents are also numerous in the neighborhood.

There are at least 200 horse-butcher shops in Paris. The first one dates from July 1, 1866, since when the consumption has grown continuously.

Hot shot as well as chain and grape shot, when first employed, were declared to be inventions of Satan, and not to be sanctioned among civilised nations.

Greece has only twelve miles of territory for each mile of sea coast, while England, which ranks next, has eighty four and one-half miles to each mile of shore.

Fruit dealers are now offering for sale anti-appendicitis grapes. Those who stop to inquire the cause of such a singular name for the grapes find that they are seedless.

Snuff taking, which was once a favorite form of using tobacco, is apparently dying out. At any rate, its use is confined to a small fraction of the population. Few Americans use snuff.

Accidents are far more liable to occur to the right arm or right leg than to the left. Makers of artificial limbs supply many more appendages for the right side of the body than the left.

An astronomer calculates that if the diameter of the sun were daily diminished by two feet, more than 3,000 years must elapse before the instruments now in use could detect the diminution.

In Tartary, onions, leeks, and garlic are regarded as perfume. A Tartar lady will make herself agreeable by rubbing pieces of freshly cut onion on her hands and over her countenance.

At Ambaston, in Derbyshire, there is a loaf of bread 600 years old. It was included in a grant of land from the Crown in the reign of King John, and has remained in the same family ever since.

There is no public school in Iceland, except a college in the capital. The laws of the country merely require that the parents or guardians shall teach the children reading, writing and arithmetic.

Size for size, a thread of spider silk is decidedly tougher than a bar of steel. An ordinary thread will bear a weight of three grains, which proves it to be about fifty per cent. stronger than a steel thread of the same thickness.

Burmese humanity to animals goes so far as to provide buffaloes kept in stables with mosquito netting. The mosquitoes are as annoying to cattle as to human beings; but when left out of doors the buffalo can protect himself by rolling in the mud and letting it cake upon him.

Confectioners use a great number of nuts, but it is surprising to learn that in France these are generally purchased already cracked, the peasants in a village in the Southwestern Department of the Lot making it an actual business to shell nuts with marvelous rapidity for the market.

According to report, a curious sight is to be met with in fashionable West End London squares, where a green cart, well horsed and in charge of a servant, perambulates with a piano and two vocalists and an accompanist, all wearing masks. It is said that they are hard-up titled people.

Crocodiles swarm in every river and lake of Madagascar. They are man-eaters, and the natives have a superstitious dread of them. Their eggs, about as large as turkey's, are used for food to some extent. The giant tortoise, formerly numerous on the island, have been rendered nearly extinct, and are now found only on the small and uninhabited Aldabra Isles to the north.

An apiculturist of Westphalia made a bet that twelve bees, released at a distance of three miles from the hives at the same time as twelve pigeons, would travel over the ground as quickly as the birds. The first bee entered the hive one quarter of a minute before the first pigeon reached its columbary. Three other bees arrived before the second pigeon, and the remainder of the competitors reached home simultaneously.

HESITATION.

BY TENNYSON.

But when at last I dared to speak,
The lanes, you know, were white with May,
Your ripe lips moved not, but your cheek
Flushed like the coming of the day:
And so it was, half shy, half sly,
You would, and would not, little one!
Although I pleaded tenderly,
And you and I were all alone!

IN CHRISTIAN ART.

So large a share of Christian symbolism was borrowed directly from the Romans that the pagan practices and superstitions of this people call for examination as constituting, in a sense, the foundation course upon which the rest of the fabric will be found to be reared.

The brutalizing relation of the Romans to the animal world diverted them from making any scientific acquaintance whatever with its creatures. A hare crossing the line of march of an army has sufficed to fill the troops with terror and cause them to flee in a panic. Among the reliefs in the south porch of the cathedral of Chartres is a warrior dropping his sword and running away from this timid quadruped.

The belief that the lion never closes its eyes in sleep caused this animal to be placed at the doors of churches as a guardian of the sanctuary. The custom was observed for the same reason by the ancient Egyptians.

The idea of triumph over the powers of hell was intended to be expressed by sculpturing figures of deceased persons reclining on tombs with their feet resting on a dragon or a dog, regarded as an incarnation of the evil principle, in conformity with the apostle's assertion, "For without are the dogs." The diabolification of the dog was due to the Hebrew misconception of its character, the origin of which is perhaps now irrecoverable.

Dogs may have been used to persecute them in Egypt; they may have chosen to attribute to the creature the diabolical nature they would assign to a dog-headed Egyptian god.

Be this as it may, the Jews who endowed so offensive a creature as the vulture with fictitious virtues, perhaps in recognition of its invaluable services as a scavenger, had no proper appreciation of the dog, perhaps the noblest and most useful of their domestic animals. This prejudice prevailed with the new religionists over the practice of the pagan Romans, who distinguished their dogs by their esteem and regard, and sometimes erected handsome monuments over their remains.

The story of Reynard the Fox is told with all manner of variants; apart from these the fox figures abundantly in the sculptured satire of the cathedrals.

In Beverly Minister, England, there is shown a fox in a monk's habit preaching to a flock of geese; behind the exhorter is an ape that seizes every goose within his reach, throwing it over his shoulder and holding it by the neck; several of them are already hanging in this position.

In the church of St. Mary in Beverly are still older carvings of like character, two capoched foxes at a lectern reading scripture lessons; a fox as friar preaching; foxes with croziers and each with a goose in its hood.

In Ely Cathedral is a fox preaching to geese; the vulpine divine wears an almuce and stole and holds a bishop's crook in the left hand. In the collegiate church of St. Victor at Xanten on the Rhine, begging friars are figured as a monster with the body and feet of a pig, the tail of a fox and the head of a cowled monk.

At a very early period the Church began to invest her solemn rites with a theatrical character. The semi-liturgic mysteries, miracle plays and moralities bore good fruit in leading to a revival of the secular drama.

The clergy encouraged hilarity and gayety, and in this desire originated such festivals as the Feast of Fools and of Innocents and the Ass's Feast. These led to abuses. The Council of Paris felt called upon to forbid the nuns celebrating the Feast of Fools on account of the excesses and scandals which it occasioned. Archbishop Oden found it necessary to take similar measures with the amusements of convent ladies of Rouen.

The dances, however, continued to be performed on the great feast days accompanied by comical and scurrilous songs. The Cathedral of Senlis approved the dancing by its clergy, but on the express condition that they abstain from "infamous songs, with ribald and obscene words, or dance in a lewd manner, all of which things," it adds, "took place on last Innocents' Day."

Even within the memory of persons still living the midnight masses in France were attended by all sorts of rude horse play, not excluding the embracing of young girls in the dim religious light of the chapels.

WOULDN'T GO.—Soon after the outbreak of the Cuban insurrection a newspaper determined to send a special correspondent to the seat of war. The journal in question had been getting some smart reports from its regular correspondent at a point in Florida, and the special correspondent was ordered to stop at this spot and take the Florida reporter to Cuba with him. In a day or two the telegraph editor received the following message from the "special:"

"Our correspondent here seems very much disinclined to go to Cuba with me."

The editor was determined not to have his plans balked, and sent this:

"Our Florida correspondent must obey orders and go to Cuba with you. Offer any reasonable inducements."

Not long afterwards the following reply was received:

"Our correspondent here refuses point-blank to go to Cuba with me except on one condition, and that is that I marry her. I have one wife already. Answer quick."

BEER-TASTING AT MUNICH.—At Munich an ancient custom still obtains of the burgomasters and town councillors going annually to the Salvator-Keller in order to test the quality of the beer. The test is a very primitive one.

The officials attend in their leathern breeches, beer having been poured over the wooden benches, the civic dignitaries plump down upon them. While there seated, they sing an ancient song, the same that their predecessors have sung for ages; and, in order to subject the beer to a fair test, they sit long enough to sing the song through three times.

Then they essay to rise up. If now they find their breeches sticking to the benches, the beer is voted good. Having stood this test, the beer goes through the formality of being tasted, and then its sale to the public is duly sanctioned.

Grains of Gold.

The rare visitor is a jolly companion.

It's a long way up the hill if you think about the hill all the time.

The man who is waiting for opportunities is wasting opportunities.

We lose the peace of years when we hunt after the rapture of moments.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it.

What we must do let us love to do. It is noble chemistry that turns necessity into pleasure.

Our own actions are the accidents of fortune, that we sometimes place to the credit of luck or misfortune.

A man should live with his superiors as he does with his fire; not too near, lest he burn; not too far off, lest he freeze.

Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words or in good order.

Femininities.

Spotted veils are very injurious to the sight.

A boy don't become a man till he's twenty-one, but a silk dress becomes a woman at any age.

Bacon is much more digestible if toasted on a fork or in a Dutch oven, than if fried in a pan.

A blind man was at a theatre in New York the other night and appeared to enjoy himself very much.

It is pretty difficult for thieves to go through a big harness shop without leaving some traces behind them.

Mother-of-pearl articles should be cleaned with whiting and cold water. Soap should not be used, as it would discolor them.

"Mrs. Cash is very exclusive, isn't she?" "Yes; but she has to be—only women of established social position can afford to affiliate with everybody."

In Germany a great concession has been made to the advanced women. By a new regulation, ladies will in future be able to enter the University of Heidelberg.

A little finely grated or chopped lemon peel and a little of the lemon juice is a very nice substitute for capers or parsley in butter-sauce, to eat with boiled mutton.

When potatoes are cooked without their skins the loss of nutriment in the juice of the potatoes is 14 per cent.; but if cooked in their skins is only 3 per cent. A baked potato is more nourishing than one boiled.

Every child should be taught to sleep with its mouth shut. It is also a very valuable habit to breathe at all times through the nose than through the mouth. Chills to the lungs are avoided, as well as infection of all kinds.

The long pins worn by most people to secure hats are very dangerous if allowed to project beyond the hat. In one case the eye of a young man was put out by a girl who was sitting next to him suddenly turning round to speak to him.

The latest fad in South America appears to be the wearing of jeweled shoes. One lady is said to have recently tried to break the record by coming forth in a pair embroidered with rubies, emeralds, and turquoises, and the heels set with diamonds.

It is a great comfort and rest to take off one's garters when indoors—especially when tired and the leg swells. If possible they should not be worn at all, but the stockings attached to the underclothing with one or two large safety pins, obviating all pressure.

She, as he finishes mending her tire: "Oh, thank you so much. What should I have done without you?" He: "Don't mention it. I wish I could always carry the repair kit for you—(tenderly,) May I, Eleanor?" And two bicycles continued to lean against the grassy bank.

It is very important that mattresses should be occasionally well brushed to take off the dust that accumulates on the edges and other parts; but no less necessary is it that the framework of the bed (iron or brass) should be well wiped, occasionally, the mattresses being lifted quite off for the purpose.

The Queen of Portugal is at present devoting all her spare time to the study of medicine, which science she is working at in a thorough manner, in the hope that her example may be followed by the somewhat indolent Portuguese ladies, and that they may be spurred on to take an interest in the great questions and movements of the day.

The author of "Sandford and Merton" had an idea that he could train a young woman to be his wife according to his up-to-date ideas. He dropped melted sealing wax on her arm to test her fortitude. He threatened suicide. She sent for the police. Finally she upset his system altogether by running off with a young man who coincided a little more with her views.

A remarkable sect has just made its appearance in the Volga province of Samara, of which, as far as is known, only women can be members. These sectaries make a point of what they call "self-crucifixion." They feed exclusively on grass, herbs, and berries, and subject their bodies to all kinds of self-imposed tortures. They are opposed to the institution of clergy and the worship of pictures.

A South American lady is quoted as saying that some time ago, in the absence of water, of which there was a great dearth at the time, she washed her face with some of the juice of a watermelon. The result was so soothing that she repeatedly washed her face in this manner and her astonishment was so great, a few days later, on seeing that there was not a freckle left on her previously be-freckled face.

A little girl who was in the habit of making too frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her governess, who told her that she should say "presume." A day or two later the child was with a playmate, who said, "I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it." "My mamma has no pattern," was the quick answer, "she cut it by presume."

Masculinities.

In buying horses, and taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God!

The Queen of Italy is now studying Hebrew, and has made much progress in the language.

Why is a selfish man like the letter "P?"—Because he is the first to pity and the last to help.

Few men seem to realize that a well-dressed woman is an advertisement of her husband's goodness.

In Germany the men as well as the women wear wedding rings. When either dies the survivor wears both.

Red socks have just killed a hostler at Stamford, England. The dye entered a cut in his foot, causing blood poisoning.

Only the bitter-sweet and a few species of honeysuckle possess twining stems which increase in thickness from year to year.

Blobbs: I know Hardcase drinks, swears and gambles, but he has a bright future before him. Slobbs: Yes; bright, and hot, too.

When a man shows enough interest in a woman's actions to scold her for those that do not please him, he may safely be set down as in love with her.

A village improvement society at Woodstock, Vt., encourages the keeping of neatly trimmed lawns by renting lawn mowers to residents. It is a woman's idea.

Lady Marcus Beresford is a great lover of cats, and keeps no fewer than a hundred of these pets. Each of the cats has its own name and their mistress knows them all.

Tommy: Pop, what is obstinacy? Tommy's Pop: Obstinacy, my son, is what the twelfth man on a jury always accuses the other eleven of having when he stands out against them.

Six-footed pigs, the progeny of a six-footed yearling pig, are to be seen on the farm of Jesse Carry, of Marion, Ind. A seventh pig of the same litter had seven feet, but it did not live.

"All I ask," said the man with the business glint in his eye, "is that they will give me plenty of rope." Then it was that they recognized him as a manufacturer of campaign cigars.

A minister in Alameda, California, has resigned his pastorate because so much gossip was excited by reason of his wearing a brown suit, smoking cigars and attending the theatre at Oakland.

Hobson: Let's go home and go to bed. Henpeck: No; let's go hear Mrs. Lease first. Hobson: What do you want to hear a woman lecture for? Henpeck: Force of habit, I guess. My wife's out of town to-night.

"How's your liver, to-day? And your kidneys, are they all right?" The man blushingly admitted that they were in good order. "Well," said she, for she was a housekeeper and he a butcher, "give me some of each."

Two young men of Lynn, Mass., are traversing New England on bicycles on a $100 wager that, although they started penniless, they can complete a tour of six States on their earnings along the route and return with $25 each.

Scotchmen are growing crazier than ever. The number of lunatics for 1896 is 14,083, while in 1858 it was 5824. This is an increase of 143 per cent. in a population that has increased only 38 per cent. during the same period.

In Worcester, England, the glove-making trade is largely, if not entirely, dependent on female labor, and in that city alone nearly 25,000 women are employed by the various firms. The great lace industry, covering many cities and districts of Europe, lies largely, if not entirely, in the hands of women.

Weary Willy: Lady, I wuz wunst a prosperous merchant; I had a luxurious home, an honorable name, an' ten bloomin' an' highly-educated daughters. Mrs. Wellment: What brought you to poverty? Weary Willy: My daughters insisted on marrying highly educated men, an' I had ter support ten families.

The oldest star route stage driver and United States mail carrier now performing active service is Uncle Ira Jennings, of Bibb county, Ga. He was born July 15, 1815, at Danby, Tompkins county, N. Y., six miles from Ithaca, on the Oswego and Ithaca turnpike. Though he is eighty-one years of age he is robust and hearty, and travels 150 miles weekly in his buggy with the mail.

The brothers Grimm, well known to all lovers of fairy tales, had a novel experience in love matters. Jacob, the elder, was shy; Wilhelm, the younger, was not, so the latter undertook to propose for the former to a young lady with whom Jacob was in love. Unfortunately while conducting his amatory operations Wilhelm fell in love with the lady himself. He faced the music and told Jacob, who promptly embraced his brother, telling him that he had changed his mind and was extremely glad to be free from a very unpleasant predicament.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A handsome gown lately seen was made in rose faille, and the flounce on the skirt was veiled by a flounce of white mousseline de soie. The corsage, a sort of blouse, was of white mousseline de soie over a rose transparent, and was gathered in at the waist under a white satin ribbon. Completing this ravissante harmony was a bolero of guipure d'Irlande, cut very short in the back, and forming a slight point in the front.

Mounting from the under-arm seam to the shoulder seam was a garland of red roses. The hat was a flat rose straw, chiffoned with an exquisite art, flattened here and raised there, and garnished with black silk gauze and black plumes. A royal collar of pearls and diamonds was worn beneath a ruche of mousseline de soie.

Of two Parisian gowns, the first one is an elegant toilette for dressy occasions and is made of heavy blue silk, trimmed with white lace, black satin ribbon and large buttons composed of turquoises and pearls. The full skirt is adorned at either side of the front by a large stylish bow of black ribbon, while the tablier is bordered at the sides and bottom with white guipure lace.

The bodice fitting the figure perfectly, has all the upper part covered with lace, a part of which extends the top of the sleeves to form little epaulettes, ornamented with buttons.

The lower part not being adorned with the lace has the effect of a plain, pointed corselet, while the idea is made more emphatic by bands of the ribbon coming from the under-arms seam to the centre of the front.

Similar bands encircle the back and descend on either side of the front to the top of the corselet, where they join the side bands and are secured by buttons.

Loops of the ribbon arranged round the sides and back of the lower edge of the bodice, produce a very jaunty effect, while at the back is a huge bow of the ribbon, with long ends falling over the skirt.

The black satin collar band is encircled with a wide frill of lace, terminating at the sides in long, graceful point. The sleeve fits the arm closely, having a short puff at the shoulder, and a flaring cuff at the wrist, which is trimmed with the lace.

The hat is blue and white, with black aigrettes. Dark heliotrope prunelle cloth is the material used for creating the second toilette. The skirt has the upper part of the front gore adorned with three double rows of heavy black silk cord, terminating in trefoils.

The bodice is cut in the Eton style bordered with the cord and trimmed on the shoulder seams with the same, which is carried on to a sleeve puff and there formed into a trefoil. In the centre of the front, extending from the neck to the waist, are two large stylishly shaped revers of brocaded pompadour satin with a white ground. The deep ceinture is of black satin. The collar band of the cloth is headed by a plaited frill of lace. The sleeves are cut in one of the newest styles and finished with a cuff of the brocade satin edged with lace.

The hat worn with this gown is of plaited heliotrope felt, faced with black velvet and a garland of white roses. It is liberally trimmed with gracefully curved white ostrich feathers and completes a ravissante toilette for autumn wear.

Sacque coats are to be the dressy wraps for the fall. They are made of velvet or rich peau de soie. One of dark brown velvet, lined with silk of the same color, had a collar of white satin and bands embroidered with jet, and the neck was filled in with white chiffon. Braiding and embroidery will be used very extensively this fall and winter, both on coats and on skirts.

The early fall hats have rather a severe aspect as when compared with the fluffy, beflowered hats of summer, but there is a very stylish air about them and they give the wearer a very distinguished appearance. Bonnets for elaborate occasions are airy, indeed, being made almost entirely of gathered tulle or lace and jet and trimmed with dark velvet, sprays of flowers or feathers. Some of these tiny affairs have a full osprey perched upright at the back. Sprays of green oats and bunches of green wheat are showing themselves among the trimmings of the fall millinery, in opposition to the bright red cherries and currants that have been introduced for the decoration of fall hats.

The styles for sleeves are legion. One sleeve is gathered tight to the shoulder and finished there with three full flounces, each edged with narrow velvet. A plain tight sleeve, with one large pleated flounce, is pretty for heavy goods.

Another tight sleeve of muslin has the big puff caught in at the top of the shoulder. The puff is made of the muslin and insertion. The sleeve that is very tight, with a very small puff on the shoulder, is used for silk gowns, and is quite the latest style. The short, full-puffed sleeve, with a deep, pointed cuff above the elbow, is pretty for an evening gown or for a young girl; and the sleeve with the small puff at the elbow is very graceful for thin material.

There is a marked change in the skirts. They are much less full about the bottom and fuller at the waist in the back. Braiding about the bottoms of the cloth walking skirts will be very much used. Some skirts will have perforated designs, showing the contrasting color of the silken lining, and some will have a flat band of a darker cloth laid plainly on the bottom and headed with a narrow braided design. The sleeves are not so full nor so high on the shoulders, but are still far from the tight sleeves promised for this fall. The bodices are some of them made double breasted. For dress occasions the Louis XVI. coat will be very much worn by matrons with good figures. One of handsome brocade or broche silk can be worn equally well with a black or a colored silk skirt.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT SOME COLD MEAT COOKERY.

"What to do with cold meat?" is, even in these modern days when we are blessed with so much technical education, so many classes to initiate us into the mysteries of "High class," "middle class," and "artizan" cookery, a question of no little importance to many housekeepers, especially to those who have the management of small households and small incomes, to whom the sirloin of beef or leg of mutton after its first appearance as a hot joint, and its second as a cold one, is apt to assume the character of a too-well-known bugbear which must be disposed of somehow before any newer and daintier dish can grace the family table.

I offer these few suggestions for cold meat cookery. Having referred to mutton, perhaps it will not be inappropriate for me to commence by giving a recipe for

Hachis de Mouton a la Parisienne.—For this dish take some cold mutton perfectly free from fat, skin and gristle; chop it finely with the same weight of chestnuts, roasted till floury and weighed after the removal of the skins.

Put into a saucepan a teaspoonful of flour mixed with a quarter of an ounce of fresh butter previously melted; when nicely browned put in the chopped meat and chestnuts moistened with a little good stock or gravy, and seasoned with salt, black pepper, and a suspicion of nutmeg; well mix over the fire, then cover the saucepan and allow it to remain for an hour over a very slow fire, then serve the hash on a hot dish—silver if you possess one—garnished with croutons of bread fried very dry, alternated with tiny bunches of fried parsley.

A pleasing variety may be made by substituting mushrooms, tinned or fresh, for the chestnuts, and adding a good tablespoonful of ketchup to the gravy; or a larger quantity of meat may be used without any additions beyond the seasoning and gravy except two tablespoonfuls of Worcester sauce, and the hash served garnished with alternate baked tomatoes and little heaps of plain boiled rice.

The simplest way of cooking the former is to place them in a deep baking tin, putting on each one a tiny scrap of butter, a pinch of salt, and a dust of pepper, and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven. The rice should be boiled in a large saucepan full of salt and water, so that each grain is perfectly separate, and dried for a few minutes on a sieve before the fire.

Hachis du rotis de Bouf may be made in the same way from the remainder of a joint of roast beef, substituting two sheep's brains slightly boiled in salt and water for the chestnuts or mushrooms, and adding a tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup as a flavoring.

Another excellent way of using minced meat, though it cannot boast of such a grand name as the two foregoing recipes, is to form it into a shape or mould with macaroni.

For this dish you will require three quarters of a pound of cold roast or boiled fresh meat, finely chopped, one tablespoonful of gravy, a quarter of a pound of fine bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of macaroni, one or two eggs, and a small piece of butter. Boil the macaroni in salt and water till tender, drain it well, and having buttered a basin or plain mould, line it at the bottom and up the sides with macaroni.

Mix together thoroughly the meat, bread crumbs, and gravy, season highly with pepper and salt, and bind with one egg, or two if required; fill the mould with the forcemeat, placing any macaroni you may have left in layers between it, press down firmly, set a small plate or saucer on the mould and steam for half-an-hour. Turn out carefully, and serve with some good thick brown gravy poured round, but not over the mould.

It may be garnished in many tasteful ways, according to the fancy of the cook; the simplest plan is to place a cluster of parsley in the centre, but in a mould composed of mutton a ring of boiled carrot pressed through a sieve may edge the top, or alternate horse-radish and parsley on one made of beef; or when veal and ham is used the edging may be of hot grated ham interspersed with parsley, of tiny slices of lemon or little heaps of grated lemon rind.

This dish admits of many varieties; besides the beef, mutton, or veal and ham, to which I have referred, turkey and ham, chicken and ham, or game with a little lean bacon are excellent served in the same way. When using veal, chicken, or turkey the addition of a little chopped parsley and a teaspoonful of fine herbs will be generally considered an improvement.

Rissoles of beef or mutton are common enough in most households, but the following mode of preparing them will be found superior to the general method.

Take half a pint of stock or gravy, thicken with an ounce of flour, and season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of cayenne, and, if liked, a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce; stir over the fire until the rawness of the flour is removed, then add sufficient finely chopped and pounded meat to make a thick paste; add one beaten egg, stir the mixture over the fire for five minutes, then turn on to a floured dish to cool.

When cold, form into long rolls, egg and bread-crumb, and fry in very hot fat. Arrange the rissoles on a d'oyley or dish-paper with a bunch of fried parsley in the centre.

Fish rissoles are excellent made in the same way, substituting a thick white sauce made with half a pint of milk, one ounce of butter, and one ounce of flour for the stock, and any kind of white fish, well pounded, for the meat. The sauce should be well seasoned.

The secret of success in frying rissoles, as well as every kind of fried dish, is to have the fat so far beyond boiling point that it has ceased to bubble, and to use plenty of it. No frying will be successful if the quantity of fat used is too small, and as the same fat can be clarified and used over and over again there is no economy in not using a sufficient quantity.

Croutes aux Jambon is a useful breakfast dish for using up a ham which is no longer presentable for the table. For it allow two ounces of finely chopped ham, which should be lean, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and one of fine herbs, and a seasoning of salt and pepper, with a little cayenne.

Mix well. Melt the butter in a saucepan and adding the mixture stir over the fire till thoroughly hot. Have ready some slices of bread—not too thin—cut them into rounds with a pastry-cutter and fry a nice delicate brown in hot fat. On each one pile up some of the hot meat, garnish with fried parsley and serve at once.

Although fish dishes can hardly be correctly termed cold meat cookery, I think my readers will find the following recipes so excellent, that they will pardon me for giving them here.

Fish Souffle is a pleasant change from the orthodox fish pie or pudding. Melt in a lined saucepan two ounces of butter, stir in (off the fire to prevent lumps) two ounce of flour and a good teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Season with salt and a little cayenne and add the yolks of two eggs and a gill of milk.

Continue stirring over the fire till the mixture is at boiling point, then add five ounces of white fish, well pounded, and a tablespoonful of cream. Mix thoroughly, then stir in very lightly the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, pour into a souffle dish, or failing this, an ordinary pie-dish, and bake for half-an hour. The top should be nicely browned before serving.

Turbot au gratin is a general favorite, and if a little care is taken in the preparation of the sauce cannot fail to be a success.

To make the sauce, which is a very important item in this dish, and one which raises it above the ordinary level of fish pies, place in a stew-pan one pint of new milk, half a pint of water, one onion, one blade of mace, a small bunch of parsley, the trimmings of six medium-sized mushrooms or a dozen small ones, and a little salt.

Leave them to simmer over the fire for twenty minutes, and meanwhile melt in another saucepan one ounce of butter, thickened with the same quantity of flour; strain the liquor from the stew-pan and add it very gradually to the paste, continue stirring till it boils, then remove it to the side of the fire and stir till perfectly smooth, then add the strained juice of half a lemon; beat up the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of milk, and strain them to the sauce; keep stirring over the fire until thoroughly cooked, but beware of letting the sauce boil, as it will quickly curdle.

Remove from the flesh of a cold boiled turbot all the skin and bone and cut it into small dice. Place in a buttered pie-dish a layer of fine bread crumbs, then half your mushrooms cut into quarters, then add alternate layers of fish and sauce until the dish is full; but place over your last layer of fish the remainder of your mushrooms, then the sauce, and finally a covering of bread-crumbs with tiny scraps of butter amongst them. Bake in a moderate oven for half-an-hour.

A deep pie-dish is necessary for this dish, and better than an earthen one will be found the enamelled iron pans which can be hidden by a "pie-dish collar," or a folded napkin when the dish is sent to table.

Should mushrooms be thought too extravagant their omission will not spoil the dish, though it will not be quite so recherche without them, and in winter when eggs are scarce, half the quantity of sauce made with one egg will be found sufficient for a small dish.

With one more recipe for "Curried Fish" I will close. This will be found a favorite dish in cold weather. For it you will require the remains of any cold white fish, which must be flaked and fried a nice brown with three ounces of butter and a sliced onion; place the fish in a stew-pan and add some white stock prepared as below; give one boil and serve with a border of rice boiled as directed in the recipe for hashed mutton.

For the stock, take a teacupful of white stock and simmer in it for one hour a small teaspoonful of curry-powder, then thicken with a tablespoonful of flour, add the juice of half a lemon and a seasoning of salt and cayenne.

After the stock has been added to the fish stir in gradually a quarter of a pint of cream, and finish as directed above. Should cream not be procurable allow a quarter of a pint more stock with half the quantity more of the curry-powder, etc.

If you wish to make your cold meat cookery acceptable to those for whom you cater, see, by personal supervision, that each dish is delicately and carefully prepared, tastefully garnished, and served as hot as it can possibly be, with the all-important accompaniments of a clean tablecloth, bright silver, hot plates, and a smiling face.

FADED FRIENDSHIP.—A great deal of needless sorrow is felt, a great many bitter feelings are indulged, a great deal of unjust blame is poured out in connection with faded friendships, many of which are as natural in their time as the fading leaves of autumn.

It is folly to suspect that the loosened leaves shall become green again and cling to the boughs with their former tenacity, and it is equal folly to insist upon as possible resuscitation of the faded friendship which also is a result of natural changes. Instead of this, as we regard tenderly the falling leaves for what they have been, so should we hold every past friendship in sweet and sacred recollection, as a treasure to be cherished with care, and from which every jealous or reproachful feeling should be scrupulously banished.

Then we shall always have pleasure in meeting an old friend for the sake of the old friendship, which was beautiful in its time, though no longer possible in its old form.

Indeed no friendship that is regarded can utterly die; its influence is eternal.

As confidence that we can do a thing often ensures success, so doubt and despondency are sure steps to failure.

ANIMAL WARFARE.

EVIDENCE of the astonishing sagacity and military organization of the African baboons increases with the recent exploration of their favorite haunts, due to the troubles in Central Africa and Abyssinia.

The English, German, and Italian travelers and emissaries who have been employed in various missions on the fringes of the Abyssinian plateau have corroborated many stories which have hitherto been suspected to be exaggerations of fact.

It now appears that their methods and discipline are far in advance of those of any other vertebrate animals, and not inferior to those of some of the negro tribes themselves.

The conditions of the life of these monkeys in Africa are sufficiently curious without reference to their acquired habits, though these are undoubtedly due to the dangers to which the nature of the country in which they live exposes them.

The different species of baboons, which are found commonly over the whole African continent, are all by nature dwellers in the open country. They find their food on the ground; and whether this be insects or vegetables, it is usually in places which afford little shelter or protection.

Though strong and well armed with teeth, they are slow animals, with little of the usual monkey agility when on the ground, and not particularly active even when climbing among rocks.

In the rocky "kopjes" of the South, or the cliffs and river sides of Abyssinia, and the Nile tributaries, they are safe enough. But they often abandon these entirely to invade the low country.

During the Abyssinian expedition conducted by Lord Napier of Magdala, they regularly camped near the cantonments on the coast, and stole the grain on which the cavalry horses and transport animals were fed.

When on expeditions of this kind they often leave their stronghold for days together, and the means of joint defence from enemies in the open country are then carefully organized.

Their natural enemies when thus exposed are the leopard, the lion, and in Southern Africa, the Cape wild dogs. To the attack of the leopard they oppose numbers and discipline.

No encounter between the baboons and wild dogs has been witnessed and described, but their defensive operations against domesticated dogs were seen and recorded by the German naturalist Brehm.

The following account appears in the translation of his travels by Mrs. Thompson, just published.

The baboons were on flat ground, crossing a valley, when the traveler's dogs, Arab greyhounds, accustomed to fight successfully with hyenas and other beasts of prey, rushed towards the baboons.

"Only the females took to flight; the males, on the contrary, turned to face the dogs, growled, beat the ground with their hands, opened their mouths wide and showed their glittering teeth, and looked at their adversaries so furiously and maliciously that the hounds, usually bold and battle-hardened, shrank back."

By the time the dogs were encouraged to renew their attack the whole herd had made their way, covered by the rear guard, to the rocks, except a six-months'-old monkey which was left behind.

The little monkey sat on a low rock, surrounded by the dogs, but was rescued by an old baboon, who stepped down from the cliff near, advanced toward the dogs, kept them in check by gestures and menacing sounds, picked up the baby monkey, and carried it to the cliff, where the dense crowd of monkeys shouting their battle-cry, were watching his heroism.

The march of the baboons is not a mere expedition of the predatory members of the community. The whole nation "trek" together, and make war on the cultivated ground in common. Their communities are numerous enough to reproduce in miniature the movements of troops. The tribe often numbers from two hundred and fifty to three hundred individuals.

Of these the females and young are placed in the centre when on the march, while the old males march in front and also close the rear. Other males scout the flanks. It has been noticed that these remain on guard, and do not feed during the whole time that the rest are gathering provender.

If disturbed by men the old males form a rear guard and retire without any haste, allowing the females and young to go on ahead carrying the plunder.

Their retreat is, as a rule, deliberate and orderly, the baboons being quite ready to do battle with any animal except man on the plains, and instantly becoming the assailant of man himself when they get the advantage of position. Brehm was stoned out of a pass in a very few minutes by the dog-faced baboons.

"These self reliant animals," he writes, "are a match even for men. While the screaming females with young ones fled with all haste over the crest of the rock beyond the range of our guns, the adult males, casting furious glances, beating the ground with their hands, sprang upon stones and ledges, looked down on the valley for a few moments, continually growling, snarling, and screaming, and then began to roll down stones on us with so much vigor and adroitness that we immediately saw that our lives were in danger and took to flight.

"The clever animals not only conducted their defence on a definite plan, but they acted in co-operation, striving for a common end, and exerting all their united strength to obtain it.

"One of our number saw one monkey drag his stone up a tree that he might hurl it down with more effect; I myself saw two combining to set a heavy stone rolling."

The wars of the Constantinople street dogs are eminently satisfactory from the point of view of the inquirer into animal politics. Theoretically they are complete examples of what the rational warfare of animals ought to be, but usually is not.

It has for object either defence or conquest of territory, not the mere plundering instinct, or that primitive desire for making a meat dinner off an enemy which occasionally suggests an attack on weaker neighbors to the cannibals of the Congo.

This civilized and rational warfare of the Constantinople dogs is due to their territorial instinct.

Certain streets and quarters belong to the particular dog communities, which again subdivide their territory among individuals.

In some streets each heap of refuse, on to which the common rubbish of a group of houses is thrown, belongs to one dog, who lies on it, brings up its puppies on it, and looks on it as a home.

"There were three sweet families in one street," according to the account of a lady who recently visited Constantinople, and thought its dogs the most interesting native inhabitants.

If food becomes scarce in the next dog "parish," an invasion is planned into a richer neighborhood, where the rubbish heaps—the Turkish equivalent for dustbins—of a wealthier class of inhabitants promise to yield better results.

All the dogs of the invaded territory at once muster for resistance, and the fight, which is not organized, but of the rough and tumble order, goes on until victory declares itself for one side or the other, or until the inhabitants step out and stone the packs till they separate.

Not unfrequently a street or two are annexed by the invaders; more often the defence is successful. This is always conducted by a bevy en masse, even the puppies joining in the fray.

It is observed that it is only serious invasion which causes the dogs to fight. A single dog may pass through a strange quarter provided he gives himself no airs, but lies down on his back and sticks up his feet with proper deference and humility whenever the owners of the street come up to expel him.

According to the Turkish tradition, these street dogs were once most successful in warfare, for their ancestors fought and beat Satin.

Their story is that when man first appeared on earth, and Satan drew near to kill him, the dogs attacked and drove away the arch enemy and preserved the first man.

Hence, when a Turk has broken some minor ordinance of the Koran, he often buys a few loaves of bread, and stepping out into the road, throws them in a dignified manner—not as an Englishman would throw them—to the dogs of the street

No vertebrate animals show the same organization for wars of plunder and defence as the baboons, or the territorial instinct of the street dogs; but there are several species which exhibit these instincts in a minor degree, and in some cases act under the orders of officers.

The troops of wild horses of America are led by the master-stallion; when attacked by pumas, or expecting to be "stampeded" by another troop, they are said to form a ring, with the mares and foals inside.

The pack of "red dogs" in the Indian hills follow the lead of old hounds, probably because their skill in scenting is more accurate.

The Indian wolves have been observed to divide forces, part keeping the dogs in check, while others attack the sheep.

Bison, when chased, leave the largest bulls as a rear guard; but this may be due to their greater weight and inferior speed.

Indian wild boars often defend the sugarcane fields in which they have taken up their quarters against the natives who desire to cut them, retreating into the last patch, and rushing out if the men come near.

In this case it is the males who do the fighting, and there is no combination to protect the territory which they desire to hold.

But no wild animals have developed their powers of combined attack and defence in so credible a manner as the baboons. Their motives—"defence, not defiance"—are irreproachable, and their methods deliberate, courageous, self-reliant, and effective.

The advantages of size and sex carry corresponding duties; and Brehm justly remarks that there is no other male animal which runs into danger voluntarily to rescue a young one of its own species.

FATALISTS.—Soldiers are often heard to say, "If I'm going to be shot, I shall be shot."

Mr. R. G. Wilberforce, who was an ensign of the 52nd during the Indian Mutiny, says he never met but three men who carried into practice the adage.

One of these men was a friend, who, on Wilberforce's arrival in front of Delhi, proposed a ride to show him the pickets, assuring him that the journey was safe.

As they rode along, Wilberforce suddenly heard the ping of a bullet, quickly followed by a second and third.

"Hallo—what does this mean?" he exclaimed.

"Oh, it is only the rifle-pits; we are just on their line of fire!" answered the friend.

Instantly Wilberforce put spurs to his steed and galloped into a safe place. Turning round, Wilberforce saw that his friend had dismounted, and was picking up the whip he had dropped.

Having done that, he slowly remounted and walked his horse to where Wilberforce was awaiting him.

On another occasion a live shell came inside a siege battery, and began burying itself in the ground. Everybody went down except this fatalist.

"Lie down, you fool!" they called out.

Removing his cigar from his lips, he said, "I am not going to put myself out for——"

The sentence was interrupted by the explosion of the shell. A fragment cut off a piece of the standing man's trousers.

He pointed to the torn portion as an illustration of the truth of the adage. The other man who lived up to this fatalist doctrine was seen by Wilberforce standing still to light a cigar in the middle of a street down which a heavy fire was pouring.

Wilberforce, who was under shelter, called to him to come under cover. He looked up and said, "How often have I told you that, if I am to be shot, I shall be shot, whether I am where I am or under cover?"

Then, taking out another match, he finished the lighting process which his friend had interrupted. The third instance occurred at the Delhi bank on the day of the assault.

Seated on the steps of the bank between two men was Wilberforce's most intimate friend. The houses opposite were thickly lined with Sepoy rebels, who kept up a harassing fire, to which the three men were directly exposed.

Wilberforce called to them to join him under the shelter of a wall. The friend answered, "If I am to be shot, I shall be, no matter where I am."

Scarcely had he spoken when his companions were killed. He himself was not touched, though seven bullets struck one companion and two the other. He called attention to the fact as a proof of the truth of his theory.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—When Shakespeare made Juliet ask the question as to what's in a name, he evidently had not reckoned with the modern house-agent. In the letting of houses a great deal depends upon the names of the residences themselves and also of the roads in which they are situated.

An agent gave the writer an inkling of this fact the other day.

"It may seem surprising," he said, "but I can assure you as much depends on the name in connection with a house or road as on everything else put together.

"An ugly name to a thoroughfare will keep a row of houses unlet, whereas higher-sounding name would bring tenants, even though the rents were raised. Let me give you an illustration.

"In South London some time ago I had the letting of the houses in a new road in my charge. For months not a single one came. I wondered why, and at length it suddenly struck me that perhaps the name of the road kept people away.

"So firmly convinced did I and the owners of the property become that this was the reason, that we made application to the local authorities to change the ugly name (we will call it Bear Lane) for the cognomen of Belle Vue Road.

"This was done, and the effect was startling. Tenants began to occupy the houses at once, and within a month every house was taken.

"Similarly with a detached house in Hertfordshire which had applied to it a name which, for present purposes, we will call Park Lodge.

"Of itself, this name would probably not have been to the deterioration of the house; but when it became known that not far away was a larger residence known as Park House, intending tenants of the Lodge fought shy of the place altogether.

"From its name the place evidently seemed to carry with it an implied inferiority to the larger place called Park House, and everybody seemed to object to this. So, after a time, the name was changed to an independent cognomen, and ever since the place has been occupied at a good rental."

DON'T think that one part of your life is important and another unimportant; that one part of your life must be well done, while another part may be slighted. Every moment, at work, at play, demands the best there is in you. Live full, true, honest lives.

R R R
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL.
SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
DYSENTERY, DIARRHŒA,
CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief, placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms
Cured and Prevented

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, added to RADWAY'S PILLS so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles

Sick Headache,
Female Complaints,
Biliousness,
Indigestion,
Dyspepsia,
Constipation
And all Disorders of the Liver.

Observe the following symptoms, resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood to the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness of weight in the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

PRICE 25 CTS. A BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

Humorous.

It always is the good boy
Who falls into the pool,
And not the little bad boy
Who runs away from school.

Tom: You ought to be proud of your wife. She's a brilliant talker.

Bob: You're right there.

Tom: Why, I could listen to her all night.

Bob: I often do.

Fit of abstraction—Pocket-picking.

An unsatisfactory meal—A domestic broil.

Why is the letter "s" like a sewing-machine?—Because it makes needles needless.

"Miss Octave is a beautiful player."

"You mean she plays beautifully."

"No, that's exactly what I don't mean."

Anent the state of political affairs some little time back, an Irishman said that it was "enough to make a man commit suicide or perish in the attempt."

They were at the theatre. He: I can't hear a word.

She: Here—use my lorgnette; it brings the stage nearer.

B.: He is living on his reputation, poor fellow!

H.: Ah, that accounts for it! No wonder he's thin!

He: Our next-door neighbor can read her husband like a book.

She: Yes; and she can shut him up like one, too.

Whenever a man fails, his wife tells the public that he was too conscientious to succeed. What she tells him in private is different.

"Paw," said Tommy Tucker, "am I descended from the monkey?"

"Not on my side of the house," replied Mr. Tucker, with much positiveness.

Mrs. T.: Did you know that the Uppertons have a family skeleton?

Mr. T.: Oh, yes! She's out there on the parade now.

"Where was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher in a South of London Board-school.

"Please, sir, at the bottom."

Why should a donkey browsing in a bed of thistles appear unwell?—Because he's a little down in the mouth and looks rather seedy about the face.

Madge: I suppose you are happy now you have the engagement ring?

Marjorie: No, my dear. I won't be perfectly happy until I find out what it cost.

A young man, charged with being lazy, was asked if he took it from his father.

"I think not," was the reply.

"My father kept all the laziness he ever had."

Clara, after a tiff: I presume you would like your ring back?

George: Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring, unless she wore it on her thumb!

An old lady, having been told of the theory of the moon being inhabited, remarked, with emphasis, "Nonsense! What becomes of the people when there is nothing but a little streak of it left?

"Don't you think that song is rather low?" asked the man of ideals.

"Yes," replied the flippant performer; "but I'm doing my best to redeem it. I'm singing it at the top of my voice."

Tottie, aged five: I wonder why babies is always born in the night-time?

Lottie, seven, a little wiser: Don't you know? 'Cos they want to make sure of finding their mothers at home.

Tom: Why don't you marry Miss Kitty if you are so much in love with her?

Dick: I would, were it not for an unfortunate impediment in her speech.

Tom: What sort of an impediment?

Dick: She is unable to say "Yes."

The governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day.

"An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example?

Tommy: A red-hot poker!

A man whose will was in question in a recent law-suit was described as having consulted an oculist, a chiropodist, and a general practitioner.

"Let me have the names," said Lord Justice Lopes, "because I am surprised he lived so long."

Kate: Did you enjoy the dance in the new town-hall?

Tom: Oh, fairly!

Kate: Some of the girls told me they didn't enjoy the dance a bit.

Tom: Well, you know, I couldn't dance with them all!

Mr. Hardtack: So you want a job—eh? Are you a temperate man?

Moses Lincum: Well, sah, I'se kind ob a mugwump on de liquor question.

Mr. Hardtack: What do you mean?

Moses Lincum: Well, sah, my principles is total abstinence—total abstinence, sah; but I takes a drink when I feels like it.

"Fixed" Mesmerically.—Several well-known citizens were talking together recently in the billiard-room of the principal hotel in a large provincial town in the North, when a well-known conjurer and mesmerist came to see if the bill-poster had left any of his programmes.

Two or three gentlemen began to poke fun at the professor, and intimated that there was some trickery in his performance. Finally the mesmeric professor stood upon his dignity, and offered to give a free exhibition then and there of his skill.

He said that he would so place one of the party, when under his influence, that, when he had caused the subject to grasp his own nose, he could not leave the room without taking his fingers from his nose.

The wager was accepted, and one of the party, an alderman, gave himself up to the influence of the mesmerist, who placed him by the side of an iron column at the end of the room, told him to close his eyes, and made a few passes over his face.

He then took the alderman's arm, brought it round the column, and put his nose between his fingers. After a few more passes, the professor said, "Now, sir, you cannot leave the room without taking your fingers from your nose." The victim opened his eyes and at once saw the point of the joke.

Purpose.—It is a common mistake to judge of character wholly by the emotions, desires, and affections. They form a large part of it certainly. He who loves the good and hates the evil, who wishes to do right, whose intentions are pure and whose impulses are excellent, is, of course, a very different and a far more estimable person than one whose inclinations lead him in an opposite direction.

Yet we cannot afford to omit in our estimate that strength of purpose which carries out the desires and converts unformed hopes and wishes into actions and realities. Some persons are so constituted that this process follows on instinctively.

No sooner is a purpose made than the means to fulfil it are chosen, adopted, and set to work. Conscious of a need, they begin at once to supply it. If they espouse a principle, they live up to it; if they favor a reform, they help to promote it; if they are indignant at some injustice, they set about preventing it.

Others, satisfied with a good intention, postpone its fulfilment indefinitely; they think the work is almost done when they have decided to do it; whereas this idea is the very hindrance which often prevents it from being done at all.

Brave Hearts.—It seems a hard and heartless thing to say that one should not yield to weariness or to the milder forms of illness; but the world is a stern task maker, and really seems to care little what the condition of the worker is so long as the labor is faithfully performed.

Be this as it may, there is very little sympathy expressed for those who fail to meet the requirements of their position; indeed it would be impossible to allow any business at the caprice of half sick people who give up to their aches and pains every time a fresh spasm of misery sweeps across their tired bodies.

The ranks of business are full of people who work on day after day regardless of aching heads and hearts, tired feet, and almost broken spirits. And, in a way, this is right.

To give up would benefit neither them nor anybody else, and would be a misfortune to them and their families. To keep up, whatever comes along, is altogether the best way.

To refuse to yield to physical pain and depression is often to combat it successfully, and has, in many instances, driven it out and allowed the sufferer to regain the normal condition.

Noble Ends.—When there is a choice of roads to arrive at a certain goal, it is not always the shortest which should be chosen.

The desire for money is a legitimate one, for money is the key which unlocks many opportunities. But the ways which men take to acquire it are too numerous to recount, and differ with every difference of character.

They may be roughly divided into two classes—those which include a fair equivalent and those which do not. There are men who firmly resolve to obtain wealth. Their end is all in all to them, and whatever means they think will compass it most fully and rapidly they will at once employ, independently of other considerations.

They will get all they can, and give as little as possible for it. All such unfairness is practical robbery. The winner is the robber, the loser is the robbed; both are injured—the one in his property, the other in his character, while the community is likewise impoverished.

But directly you bring labor into the field—honest intelligent work—some real addition it at once made to the wealth of the community and to the character, self-respect, and independence of the worker.

Greatness of Aim and Steadfastness of Soul.—A man who is to accomplish a great work must have infinite patience in dealing with all manner of obstacles.

These very obstacles are the test of the greatness of his aim and the steadfastness of his soul. If he survives them, he is worthy to achieve; if he yields to them, he is not the man to win the victory—that is reserved for men of greater insight and of stronger grasp.

It is easy for raw recruits to make a charge, no matter how forlorn, but it is very difficult to keep them steady under continuous fire. There is a certain joy in a dash however dangerous which is absent from a perilous position long maintained.

There are many men who can brilliantly and successfully lead a short and quick movement; but the men who can successfully guide a long and stubbornly-contested reform in any department are few.

For such men must possess not only clear moral convictions and the ability to make those convictions contagious, but must also have the reserve power of soul which is a base of supplies to a commander on a long march in the face of numberless discouragements, and failures of support.

In the ever-increasing movement of life, in the perpetual flow of days and years, facts are lost, fade away and disappear; but the past stands out clean and bright, bathed in the light of breaking dawn. We may forget a recent date, a face seen but yesterday, but we ever remember the pattern on the walls of our childhood's nursery, and a name or a lullaby of the time when we could not read.

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RIPANS TABULES are the best Medicine known for Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Chronic Liver Troubles, Dizziness, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Ripans Tabules are pleasant to take, safe, effectual, and give immediate relief. Sold by druggists.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS. INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold a Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '95. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract. [Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of seven years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly falling, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best wash I have ever used.

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TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut St., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS.
Ex-Member of Congress, 6th District.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

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1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING. LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.
None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

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Anthracite Coal. No Smoke. No Cinder.

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Williamsport Express, week-days, 8.35, 10.25 a m, 4.05 p m. Daily (Sleeper) 11.30 p m.

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FOR NEW YORK.

Leave Reading Terminal, 4.10, 7.30, (two-hour train), 8.35, 9.30, 10.30, 11.00 a m, 12.45, (dining car), 1.30, 3.05, 4.00, 4.02, 5.05, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—8.10, 8.30, 9.30, 10.10, 11.50 (dining car) a m, 1.30, 3.55, 6.10, 8.10 (dining car) p m, 12.1 night.

Leave 24th and Chestnut Sts., 3.55, 7.59, 10.08, 10.32, 11.04, a m, 12.57 (Dining car), 3.08, 4.10, 6.12, 8.19 (dining car), 11.45 p m. Sunday 3.58, 10.32, a m, 12.04, (dining car), 4.10, 6.12, 8.19, (dining car), 11.45 p m.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 8.15 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 2.00, 3.30, 4.00 (two-hour train), 4.30 (two-hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 9.00 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays—4.30 9.00, 10.00, 11.30, a m, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on all night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 6.05, 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 a m, 12.30, 2.00, 4.30, 5.30, 6.34, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.34, 8.32, 9.00 a m, 1.10, 4.20, 6.34, 9.45 p m. (9.45 p m, does not connect for Easton on Sunday.)

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45, 11.05 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.05, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30, 11.35 a m, 6.15, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 12.45, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42, 4.35, 5.53, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 6.15 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, (Saturdays only 2.30), 4.05, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 1.42, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 7.30 a m. Accom., 6.15.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 5.30, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom. 6.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 5.30 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, 10.45 a m, 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 am. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m. $1 50 Excursion train, 7 10 a m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 8.15, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30, 7.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.35 a m, 4.35 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 7.00, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m. $1.00 Excursion train (from foot Mississippi avenue only), 6.10 p m.

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Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

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